

# W I T H O U T M O N E Y C O M E D I E

The second Impression Corrected.  
Lippe per Sippe.  
Feste & Feiern. Gutenmutes Lieder.

LONDON,

Printed for Andrew Crooke, at the Green Dragon in  
St. Pauls-Church-Yard, 1661.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

**V**ALENTINE, a Gallant that will be  
perswaded to keep his estate.  
FRANCISCO, his younger brother.

MASTER LOVEGOOD their Uncle.

A Merchant, friend to Master Lovegood.

FOUNTAIN,  
BELLAMORE, <sup>companions of Valentine;</sup> and  
HAIRBRAINE, <sup>successors to the Widdow,</sup>  
LANCE a Faulkner, and an ancient servant to  
Valentines Father.

SHORTHOSE the Clown, and servant to the  
Widdow.

ROGER, RALPH, and HUMPHREY, <sup>other servants</sup> to the Widdow.

THREE SERVANTS. Musitians.

LADY HARTWELL a Widdow.

ISABEL her Sister.

LUCE a waiting Gentlewoman to the Widdow.

London

Printed and sold by J. and C. Rivington, and Son, at the  
Sign of the Red Lion, in Fleet-street, and at the  
Sign of the Rose and Crown, in the Strand.

# V V I T WITHOUT MONEY.

*Actus I. Scena. I.*

*Enter Uncle and Merchant.*

*Merchant,*

**W**hen saw you *Valentine*? *Merchant*. Not since the Horrace, he's taken up with those that wooe the Widdow.

*Mer.* How can he live by snatches from such people, he bore a worthy minde.

*Uncle.* Alas, he's sunk, his means are gone, he wants, and which is worse,

Takes a delight in doing so.

*Mer.* That's strange.

*Unc.* Runs Lunaticke, if you but talk of shares, he cannot be brought now he has spent his own, to think thereof inheritance, or means, but all a common riches, all men bound to be his Bailiffes :

*Mer.* This is something dangerous.

*Unc.* No Gent. that has estate to use in keeping house, or followers, for those wayes he cries against, for eating sins, dull surfeits, cramming of serving men, mustering of beggars, main-tain hospitals for Kites, and curs, grounding their fat fauour upon old Countrey proverbs, God bless the founders; these

*Wit without Money.*

he would have produced into more manly uses. Wit, and carrying, and never thinks of flattery, or means, the ground works: holding it manly; men should feed their bodies, and starve their understandings.

*Mer.* Thats most certain.

*Vnc.* Yes, if he could stay there.

*Mer.* Why let him marry, and that way rise again.

*Vnc.* Its most impossible, he will not look with any hand, somene is upon a woman.

*Mer.* Is he so strange to women.

*Vnc.* I know not what it is; a foolish glory he he has got, I know not where, to balk those benefits, and and yet he will converse and flatter um, make um, or fair, or foul, rugged, or smooth, as his impression serves, for he affirms, they are only lumps, and undigested peeces, lickt over to a form, by our affections, and then they show; The logers let um pass.

*Enter Fonda, Bella, Hair.*

*Mer.* He might be one, he carries as much promise; they are wondrous merry.

*Vnc.* O their hopes are high sir.

*Fonda.* Is *Valentino* come to Town.

*Bella.* Last night I heard,

*Fon.* We miss him monstrously in our directions, for this Widdow, is as stately, and as crafty, and stands I warrant you.

*Hair.* Let her stand sure, she falls before us else, come lets go seek *Valentino*.

*Mer.* This Widdow seems a gallant:

*Vnc.* A goodly woman, and to her handsomness she bears her state, reserved, and great Fortune has made her Mistress of a full means, and well she knows to use it.

*Mer.* I would *Valentino* had her.

*Vnc.* Ther's no hope of that Sir.

*Mer.* A that condition, he had his morgage in again.

*Vnc.* I would he had.

*Mer.* Seek means, and see what Ile do, howvr let the money be paid in, I never sought a Gentlemans undoing, nor eat the bread of other mens verifications, you told me of another beeches;

*Vnc.*

Vnc. Yes sir, more miserable then he, for he has cast him, and drunk him up, a handsum Gentleman, and fine Scholar.

Enter three tenants.

Mer. What are these?

Vnc. The tenants, theyle do what they can.

Mer. It is well prepared, be earnest honest friends and loud upon him, he is deaf to his own good.

Lance. We meint to tell him part of our minds and please you.

Mer. Doe, and do it home, and in what my care may help, or my persuasions when we meet next.

Vnc. Do but persuade him fairly; and for your money, mine, and these mens thanks too, and what we can be able:

Mer. Yare most honest, you shall finde no less, and so I leavē you, prosper your busines my friends. *Exit. Mer.*

Vnc. Pray heaven it may sir;

Lance. Nay if he will be mad, Ile be mad with him, and tell him that Ile not spare him, his Father kept good meat, good drink, good fellowes, good Hawks, good Hounds, and bid his neighbours welcome; kept him too, and supplied his prodigality, yet kept his state still, must we turn Tenants now, after we have lived under the race of Gentry, and maintaing good yeomanry, to some of the City, to a great shoulder of Mutton, and a Custard, and have our state turned into Cabbidge Gardens, must it be so?

Vnc. You must be milder to him.

Lance. Thats as he makes his game:

Vnc. Increat him lovingly, and make him feel:

Lance. Ile pinch him to the bones else.

Valen. Whibin. And tell the Gentleman, Ile be with him presently, say I want money too, I must not fail boy.

Lance. You'll want clothes, I hope.

Enter Valentines.

Val. Bid the young Courtier repair to me anon, Ile read to him.

Mer. He comes, be diligent, but not too rugged, start him, but affright him not.

Ful. Pew, are you there?

One. We come to see you have been roughly  
hurte. Why do you dog me thus, with these strange people?  
why all the world shall never meet rich more, nor mafte  
of their troublis.

Tenant. We befeech you for our poore childrens sake.

Val. VWho bid you get us, staye you on shreching work  
enough, but children must be hang'd, our chil' sheafe too, & other  
men with all their delicates, and healthfull diets, can get but  
windt eggs: you with a clove of garlick, a piece of chefe,  
would break a law; and sowe milk, can mount like Stallions,  
and I must maintain these tumblers.

Lance. You ought to maintain us, we have maintained  
you, and when you slept provided for you; who bought the  
silke you wear, I think our labours; reckons, youle finde it so:  
who found your horses perpetuall pots of ale, maintain'd your  
Taverns, and who extold you, in the half crown boates, where  
you might sit and muster all the Beauties, we had you hanld in  
these; no, we are all puppies: Your Tenants base vexations.

Val. Very well sir.

Lance. Had you Land sir, and honest men to serve your pur-  
poses, honest and faichfull, and will you run away from us;  
betray your self, and your poor tribe to misery; mortgage all  
us, like old cloaks; where will you hunt next, you had a thou-  
sand acres, fair and open: The Kings Bench is englosed, there's  
no good riding, the Counter is full of thorns, and brakes, take  
heed sir, and bogges, you'll quickly finde what broch they're  
made of.

Val. You are shott and pitchy.

Lance. They say yare a fine Gentleman, & excellens judge-  
ment; they report you have a wit; keep your selfe out of harm,  
and take your cloake with you, which by interpretation, in your  
state sir, or I shall think your fame belied you, you have money,  
and may have means.

Val. I prethee leave prating, does my good lye within my  
braine to further, or my undoing in thy purys gege age,  
get you home, there whistle to your horses, and let them hanld  
it; away, low hempe, to hang your selves withall, what

am I to you? or you to me? right? your Landlord ypplyes to have

One. This is unciuil. Val. More unciuil. Val. to vex me with these bacon  
broth and puddings, they and the walking shapes of all my for-  
rowes.

3 *Tenants*. Your Fathers Worshipe would have used us  
better.

Val. My Fathers worship was a foolhardy.

Lance. Hey hey boyes, old *Malumini* is alit, the old boy stills.

One. Fie Cosen.

Val. I meant beforde to his state, he had never left me  
the mifery of so much meanes elsey, which tylde I cold, was a  
micer meagrome to me. If you will talk, turne out these  
tenants, they are as killing to my nature Uncle, as water to a  
feaver.

Lance. We will go, but it is like Rams, to come again the  
stranger, and you shall keep your state.

Val. Thou lyest, I will not.

Lance. Sweet sir, thou lyest, thou shalt, and so god mor-  
row, I know, sonne you, sonne Vey, god world.

Val. This was my man, and of a noble breeding, now to  
your busynesse Uncle.

Unc. To your state then.

Val. Tis gone, and I am glad on't, namely no more, as that  
I pray Vginst, and Melton has heard me, to tell you sir, I am  
more fearful of it, I mean of thinking of more lands, or living  
than sickly men are travelling a Sundayes, for being quallid  
with Carriers, out upon the *emper*, let the fool out i' West  
it, that thinks he has got a cushy onke.

Unc. This is madnesse to be a wilfull begger.

Val. I am mad then, and so I mean to be, will that content  
you? How bravely now I live, how jocund, how neare the  
first inheritance, without feare, how free from idle trou-  
bles.

Unc. And from meanes too.

Val. Meanes, why all good men's my meanes, my  
my plow, the Toke's my plow, Tavels my standing-haus,  
and all the world knows there's no want; all *Genes* know that

love society, loves us all purpos that wit and pleasure opens, are my Tennants; every mans clothes fit me, the next fair lodging, is but my next remove, and when I please to be more eminent, and take the air, a pece, is lexied, and a Coach prepared, and I go I care not whether, what need state here.

*Vnc.* But say these means were honest, will they last sir.

*Val.* Far longer then your jerkin, and wear fairer. Should I take ought of you, tis true, I beg'd now, or which is worse then that, I stole a kindness, and which is worst of all, I lost my way, sir, your mindes enclosed nothing lies open nobly, your very thoughts are Hindes that work on nothing but darkly sweat, and trouble: were my way so full of dirt as this, tis true I shifted; are my acquaintance Grasiers: but sir, know no man that I am allied too, in my living, but makes it equal, whether his own use, or my necessity pull first, nor is this forc'd, but the meer quality and poyture of goodness, anddo you think I venture nothing equal.

*Vnc.* You pose me Colen.

*Val.* What's my knowledge Uncle, ist not worth money, what's my understanding, travel, reading, wit, all these digested, my daily making men, some to speak, that too much flegme had frozen up, some that spoke too much, to hold their peace, and put their tongues to penhous, some to wear their cloths, and some to keep um, these are nothing Uncle; besides these wayes, to teach the way of nature, a manly love, community to all that are defervers, nor examining how much, or what's done for them, tis wicked, and such a one like you, chewes his thoughts doule, making um onely food for his repentence.

*Vnc.* Enter two seruants.

*To Serv.* This cloak and hat sir, and my Masters love,

*Val.* Command's to thy Master, and take that, and leave um at my lodging.

*1.* I shall do it sir.

*Val.* I do not think of these things.

*2. Serv.* Please you sir, I have gold here for you.

*Val.* Give some, drink that and command me to thy Master,

ster,

## • १०८ अवधारणा अध्यायः

ster; took you Uncle, do I beg those? would you be

Yno. No sune tis your worth fir.

*Vol.* 'Tis like though, but pray facisit me, are not these  
wayes as honest as perfecturing the starved inheritance, with  
muddy Corne, the very rats were fain to run away from, or  
selling rotten wood by the pound, like spiccs, which Gentlemen  
do after burn byt' hounces, do not I know your way of feeding  
beasts, with graines, and windly stuff, to blow up Butchers, your  
racking Pastures, that have eaten up as many Singing Shep-  
herds, and their issues, as *Andoluris* breeds; these are au-  
thentique, I tell you sir, I would not change wayes with you,  
unless it were to sell your state that hour, and if it were possible  
to spend it then too, for all your Beasts in *Rumnillo*, now you  
know me, *WORLDRUN* and the *Empire of the world* I would

Unc. I would you knew your self, but since you are grown such a strange enemy, to all that fits you, give me leave to make your brothers fortune.

### Val. How?

Fig. (From your mortgage, which yet you may recover, etc  
the means.

Pat. Pray save your labour sir, my brother and my self, will run one fortune, and I think what I hold a mere vexation, cannot be safe for him, I love him better, he has wit at will, the world has means, he shall live without this trick of state, we are heirs both, and all the World before us.

Visc. My last offer, and then I am gone.

Val. What i't, and then I'll answer.

Ms. B. 1.6 v. 12  
Vic. What think you of a Wife yet to restore you, and tell  
me seriously without these trifles,

*Pat.* And you can find one, that can please my fancy, you shall not find me stubborn.

## Sec. Speak your Woman.

¶. One without eyes, that is self commendations, for when they finde they are handsome, they are unwholsome, one without ears, not giving time to flatterers, for she that hears her self commended, wavers, and points men out a way to make them wicked; one without substance of her self, that

Act. viii. Scene.

that woman without the pleasure of her life, that wanton,  
though she be young, forgetting it, though fair, making her glass  
the eyes of honest men, nor her own admiration, all her ends obe-  
dience all her hours new blessings, if there may be such a woman:

Unc. Yes there may be.

Val. And without state too.

Unc. You are disposed to trifl, well, fare you well sir, when  
you want me next, you'll seek me out a better sence.

Val. Fare well Uncle, and as you love your estate, let not me  
hear ont.

Unc. It shall not trouble yo, He watch him still,  
And when his friends fall offt then bend his will.

Exit.

Enter Isabella, and Luce.

Luce. I know the cause of all this sadness now, your sister  
has in groft all the braves Lovers.

Isab. She has wherewithall, much good may's do her, pre-  
thee speak softly, we are open to mens ears:

Luce. Fear not, we are safe, we may see all that pass, hear all,  
and make our selves merry with their language, and yet stand  
undiscovered, be not melancholly, you are as fair as  
she.

Isab. Who I, I thank you, I am as haste ordain'd me, a  
thing flubberd, my sister is a goodly portly Lady, a woman  
of a preshee, she spread sattens as the Kings ships do canvas,  
every where she may spare me her misen, and her bonnets, strike  
her main Patticoate, and yet out sail me, I am a Carvel to  
her.

Luce. But a tight one:

Isab. She is excellent, well buil'd too.

Luce. And yet shees old.

Isab. Shee never saw above one voyage Luce, and cre-  
dit me after another, her Hull will serve again, a right good  
Merchant: she plaies, and sings too, dances and discourses,  
comes very neare Essays, a pretty Poet, begins to piddle with  
Phylosophie, a subtil Chimicke, Wench, and can exalt the  
Spirit of mens Estates, she has the light before her, and can-  
not miss her choice, for me tis reason, I wain my mean  
fortune.

Exit

*Luc.* You are so bashfull. *Isab.* It is not at first word up and ride, thou art colen'd, that would shew mad I faith, besides, we lose the main part of our politike government, if we become provokers, then we are fair, and fit for mens imbraces, when like towns, they lie before us ages, yet not carried, hold out their strongest batteries, then compound too without the loss of honour, and march off with our fair wedding: Colours flying, Who are these?

*Enter Franc. and Lance.*

*Luc.* I know not, nor I care not.

*Isab.* Prethee peace then, a well built Gentleman.

*Lance.* But poorly thatcht.

*Lance.* Has he devoured you too?

*Franc.* Has gulp'd me down *Lance.*

*Lance.* Left you no means to study?

*Franc.* Not a farthing: dispatcht my poor answerry I thank him, heres all the hope I have left, one bare ten shillings.

*Lan.* You are fit for great mens services.

*Franc.* I am fit, but who'le take me, thus mens miseries are now accounted stains in their natures, I have travelled, and I have studied long, observed all kingdoms, know all the promises of Art and manners, yet that I am not bold, nor cannot flatter, I shall not thrive, all these are but vain Studies, art thou so rich as to get me a lodgging *Lance?*

*Lan.* Ile sell the titles of my house else, my Horse, my Hawk, nay's death Ile pawn my wife: Oh Mr. *Francis*, that I should see your Fathers house fall thus.

*Isab.* An honest fellow.

*Lan.* Your Fathers house, that fed me, that bred up all my

*Isab.* A graciefull fellow.

*Lan.* And fall by.

*Franc.* Peace, I know you are angry *Lance*, but I must not hear with whom, he is my brother, and though you hold him slight, my most dear brother: A gentleman excepting some few vices, he were too excellent to live here else, fraughted as deep with noble and brave parts, the issues of a noble and manly spirit as any he a live, I must not hear you, though I

Act the second

am miserable, and ha made me so, yet still he is my brother, still  
loveto him, and so checye of blood like my affections.

To ~~Isab.~~ a noble nature, dost thou know him? ~~Luce.~~ Now who  
am ~~Luce.~~ No Mistress, ~~Isab.~~ now who knowes thy exaltation no  
~~Isab.~~ Thou shouldest ever know such good men, what a fair  
body and mind, are married; did he not say he wanted  
but ~~Luce.~~ What's that to you? ~~Isab.~~ now who knowes thy exaltation no  
~~Isab.~~ Tis true, but tis great pity.

~~Luce.~~ How she changes, ten thousand more than he, as  
handsom men too.

~~Isab.~~ Tis like enough, but as I live, this Gentleman among  
ten thousand thousand, is there no knowing him; why should he  
want? fellowes of no merit, flight and puffed solus, that walk like  
shadowes, by leaving no print of what they are, or posse, let  
them complain.

~~Luce.~~ Her colour changes strangely.

~~Isab.~~ This man was made, to mark his wants to waken us,  
alas poor Gentleman, but will that keep him from cold and hun-  
ger, beleieve me he is well bred, and can not be but of a noble  
linnace, mark him, mark him well.

~~Luce.~~ Is a handfome man, ~~Isab.~~ now who knowes thy exaltation no  
~~Isab.~~ The sweetnes of his suffrance sets him off, O ~~Luce.~~

but whether go I.

~~Luce.~~ You cannot hide it.

~~Isab.~~ I would he had what I can spare, ~~Isab.~~ now who knowes thy exaltation no  
Tis charitable, shoud you to come to us all.

~~Luce.~~ Come sir, Ile set you lodg'd, you have tick'd my tongue  
fast, Ile steal before you want, tis but a hanging.

~~Isab.~~ That's a good fellow too, an honest fellow, why, this  
would move a stone, I must needs know; but that some other  
time.

Exit ~~Luce~~, and ~~Frank~~.

~~Luce~~ Is the wind there? that makes for me.

~~Isab.~~ Come, I forgot a busynesse, ~~Isab.~~ now who knowes thy exaltation no  
and bidding you good by, ~~Isab.~~ now who knowes thy exaltation no  
and so I expect, ~~Isab.~~ now who knowes thy exaltation no  
A person, and then you call it  
beauteous, ~~Isab.~~ now who knowes thy exaltation no  
beauteous is to eschew me, ~~Isab.~~ now who knowes thy exaltation no  
I expect, ~~Isab.~~ now who knowes thy exaltation no I call you as right you.

yellowish skin & black hair, a busie waggish & talkative wif  
as stiff as her Head **ALICE** **2. yo. 26. 1611**; and to her self  
and her selfe nothing may be done, if she may not have her  
way. **3. yo. 26. 1611** **ERIN WADEN and LUCE**, now I knowe shal  
she come backe to me, **4. yo. 26. 1611** **ERIN WADEN and LUCE**, when

**Wid.** **M**Y sister, and a woman of so base a pity, what was  
the fellow?

**Luce.** Why an ordinary man, Madam, of either waight or  
Wid. Poor?

**Luce.** Poor enough, and no man knowes from whence  
neither.

**Wid.** What could she see?

**Luce.** Only his misery, for else she might behold a hundred  
handsome men, as bloudy, grudgious, as be any others: now shal  
she be

**Wid.** Did she change much? **5. yo. 26. 1611** **ERIN WADEN and LUCE**

**Luce.** Extreamly, when he spoke, and then her pity, like an  
Orator, I fear her love framed such a commendation, and fol-  
lowed it so far, as made me wonder.

**Wid.** Is she so hot, or such a want of lovers, that she must  
doat upon afflictions: why does she not go romage all the pris-  
ons, and there bestow her youth, bewray her wantonnesse, and  
fie her honour, common both to beggary: did she speak to  
him?

**Luce.** No, he saw us not, but ever since, she hath beene  
troubled.

**Wid.** Was he young?

**Luce.** Yes, young enough, **6. yo. 26. 1611** **ERIN WADEN and LUCE**

**Wid.** And looked he like a Gentleman?

**Luce.** Like such a Gentleman, that wou'd pawn ten oaths

for twelve pence.

**Wid.** My sister, and look by sly; this must needs, do the  
use means to know him? **7. yo. 26. 1611** **ERIN WADEN and LUCE**

**Luce.** Yes Madam, and has engployed a Squire called

**Shayle**, **8. yo. 26. 1611** **ERIN WADEN and LUCE**

**Wid.** O that's a precious knave, keepeall this quiet; but  
still be near her lodgings, **9. yo. 26. 1611** **ERIN WADEN and LUCE**; what you can gather by any  
means, let me understand; Ile stop her heare, and turn her  
charity another way, to blise her selfe first, be sticke close to

her counsels ; a begger and a stranger, there's a blessednesse, Ile none of that ; I have a toy yet, sister, shall tell you this is foule, and make you finde it, and for your paines take you the last go wne I wore ; this makes me mad, but I shall force a remedy.

*Enter Fountaine, Bellamore, Harebraine, Valentine.*

*Fount.* Sirra, we have so lookt for thee, and long'd for thee ; this widow is the strangest thing, the stateliest, and stands so much upon her excellencies.

*Bell.* She hath put us off, this moneth now, for an answer.

*Hare.* No man must visit her, nor look upon her, no, not fay, Good morrow, nor Good even, till that's past.

*Val.* She has found what dough you are made of, and so kneads you : are you good at nothing, but these after-games ? I have told you often enough what things they are, what precious things, these widows —

*Hare.* If we had um.

*Val.* Why the Devil has not craft enough to wooc um, there be three kinds of fools, mark this note Gentlemen, mark it, and understand it.

*Fount.* Well, go forward.

*Val.* An Innocent, a Knave fool, a Fool politick : the last of which are lovers, widow lovers.

*Bell.* Will you allow no Fortune ?

*Val.* No such blind one.

*Fount.* We gave you reasons, why twas needful for us.

*Val.* As you are those fools, I did allow those reasons, but as my Schollars and Companions damn'd um : do you know what it is to wooc a widow ? answer me cooldly now, and understandingly.

*Hare.* Why to lie with her, and to enjoy her wealth.

*Val.* Why there you are fools still, crafty to catch your selfies, pure politick fools, I lookt for such an anfwer ; once more hear me, it is to wed a widow, to be doubted mainly, whether the stire you have be yours or no, or those old boode you ride in. Mark me, widows are long extens in Law upon newes, livings upon their bodies winding-sheets, they that enjoy um, lie but with dead mens monuments, and beget onely their.

their owne ill Epitaphs : Is not this plain now ?

*Bell.* Plain spoken.

*Val.* And plain truth, but if you're needs do things of danger, do but loose your selv's, nor any part concerns your understandings, for then you are Meacockes, fools, and miserable, march off a'main, within an inch of a Fircug, turn me ogh toe like a VVeather-cock, kill every day a Sergeant for a twelve moneth, rob the Exchequer, and burn all the Rolls, and these will make a shew.

*Hare.* And these are trifles.

*Val.* Considered to a VVidow, empty nothings, for here you venture but your persons, there the varnish of your persons, your discretions; why tis a monstrous thing to marry at all, especially as now tis made, me thinks a man, an understanding man, is more wise to me, and of a nobler tie, than all these trinkets, what do we get by women, but our senses, which is the rankest part about us satisfied, and when that's done, what are we ? Cress fallen Cowards. VVhat benefit can children be, but charges and disobedience ? VVhat's the love they render at one and twenty years ? I pray die father : when they are young, they are like bells rung backwards, nothing but noise and giddiness; and come to years once, there drops a son, byth' sword in his Mistrisses quarrell, a great joy to his parents : A daughter ripe too, growes high and lusty in her blood, must have a heating, runs away with a supple ham'd Serv'geman: his twenty Nobles spent, takes to a trade, and learns to spin mens hair off; theres another, and most are of this nature, will you marry ?

*Fou.* For my part yes, for any doubt I feel yet.

*Val.* And this lame VVidow ?

*Fou.* If I may, and me thinks, however you are pleased to dispute these dangers, such a warm match, and for you, sir, were not hurtfull.

*Val.* Not half so killing as for you, for me she cannot with all the Art she has, make me more miserable, or much more fortunate, I have no state left, a benefit that none of you can brag of, and there's the Ape-dote against a VVidow, nothing to lose, but that my soul

inherits, which she can neither have nor cleave away to that; but little flesh, it were too much else; and that unwholesome too, it were too much else; and to all this contempt of what she do's I can laugh at her tears; neglect her angers, hear her without a faith, so pity her as if she were a Traytour; meane her person, but deadly hate her pride; if you could do these, and had but this discretion, and like fortune, it were but an equal venture.

*Count.* This is malice.

*Val.* When she lies with your land, and hor with you, growes great with joymes, and is brought to bed with all the state you have, you'll find this certain; but is it come to passe you must marry, is there no buffe will hold you?

*Bel.* Grafit it be so, I am a childe as well as you.

*Val.* Then chuse the tamer evill, take a maid, a maid is not worth a penny; make her yours, dñe her, and mould her yours, a maid worth nothing, there's a verious spell in that word nothing; a maid makes conscience of half a Crown a week for pins and puppers; a maid will be content with one Coach and two Horses, not falling out because they are not matches; with one man satisfied, with the renguides, with one faith, one content, one bed; aged she makes the wife, preserves the fame and issue; a widow is a Christmas box that sweeps all.

*Count.* Yet all this can not hinder us.

*Val.* You are my friends, and all my loving friends, I spend your money, yet I deserve it too, you are my friends still, I ride your horses, when I want I sell um; I eat your meat, help to wear her linchen, sometimes I make you drunk, and then you seal, for which I do you this commodity, be ruled, and let me try her, I will discover her, the strumpet, I will never leave to trouble her, till I see through her, then if I find her worthy.

*Flor.* This was our meaning *Valentines*.

*Val.* Tis done then, I must want nothing.

*Flor.* Nothing but the woman,

*Val.* No jealousy, for when I marry, the Devil must be wiser than I take him; and the Flesh foolisher, come let's to dinner,

dinner, and when I am well whetted with wine, have as her,  
I will, as good as I can, shew her all **Excess**.

**Enter Isabella and Lucy.**

**Isab.** But art thou sure.

**Lucy.** No surer then I heard.

**Har.** That it was that flouting fellowes brother.

**Lucy.** Yes, **Shortboſe** told me so.

He did scarce out the truth.

**Lucy.** It seems he did.

**Har.** Prethe **Lu.** call him hether, if he be no worse, I never re-  
pent my pieſe, how ſirra, what was he we ſent you after, the  
Gentleman ith black.

**Enter Shortboſe.**

**Short.** Ith torn black.

**Isab.** Yes, the lameſir.

**Short.** What would your Worſhip with him.

**Isab.** Why, my Worſhip would know his name, and what  
he is.

**Short.** 'Is nothing, he is a man, and yet he is no man.

**Isab.** You must needs play the fool.

**Short.** Tis my profession.

**Isab.** How is he a man, and no man.

**Short.** Hees a begger, only the ſigne of a man, the bushi puld  
down, which ſhowes the house stands emptye.

**Isab.** What's his calling?

**Short.** They call him begger.

**Isab.** What's his kindred?

**Short.** Beggers.

**Isab.** His worth.

**Short.** A learned begger, a poor Scholler.

**Isab.** How does he live.

**Short.** Like wormes, he eats old Books.

**Isab.** Is **Valentine** his brother.

**Short.** His beging brother.

**Isab.** What may his name be?

**Short.** **Orſon.**

**Isab.** Leave your fooling.

**Short.** You had as good ſay, leave your living.

**Isab.**

*Isab.* Once more tell me his name directly.

*Short.* Ile be hangd first, unless I heard him Christned, but I can tell what foolish people call him.

*Isab.* What?

*Short Francisco.*

*Isab.* Where lies this learning, sir?

*Short.* In Pauls Church yard forsooth.

*Isab.* I mean that Gentleman, fool.

*Short.* O that fool, he lies in loose sheets every where, that's no where.

*Luce.* You have gleand since you came to London, in the Countrey, *Shortboso*, you were an arrant fool, a dull cold coxcombe, here every Tavern teaches you, the pint pot has so belaboured you with wit, your brave acquaintance that gives you Ale, so fortified your mazard, that now theres no talking to you.

*Isab.* Is much improved, a fellow, a fine discouser.

*Short.* I hope so, I have not waited at the tail of wit, so long to be an Ass.

*Luce.* But say now, *Shortboso*, if my Lady should remoove into the Countrey.

*Short.* I had as lieve she should remoove to heaven, and as soon I would undertake to follow her.

*Luce.* Where no old Charnico is, nor no Anchovies, nor Master such-a-one, to meet at the Rose, and bring my Lady such-a-ones chief Chambermaid.

*Isab.* No bouncing healths to this brave Lad, dear *Shortboso*, nor down oth knees to that illustrious Lady.

*Luce.* No fiddles, nor no lusty noise of drawer, carry this potte to my father, *Shortboso*.

*Isab.* No playes, nor gallie foistes, no strange Embassadours to run and wonder at, till thou beest ayle, and then come home again, and lye both Legend.

*Luce.* Say she should go.

*Short.* If I say, Ile be hangd, as if I thought she would go?

*Luce.* What?

*Short.* I would go with her.

*Luce.*

*Luce.* But *Shortbouse*, where thy heart is; *Shortbouse* *Isab.* Do not fright him.

*Luce.* By this hand Mistris tis a noise, a loud one too, and from her own mouth, presently to be gone too, but why, or to what end?

*Short.* May not a man die first, shee'l give him so much time.

*Isab.* Gon or'h sudden; thou dost but jest, shee must not mock the Gentlemen.

*Luce.* Shee has put them off a moneth, thy date not set her, beleve me Mistris, what I hear I tell you.

*Isab.* Is this true wench? gone on so short a warning, what trick is this, she never told me of it, it must not be: sirs, attend me presently, you know I have been a carefull friend unto you, attend me in the Hall, and next be faithful, cry not, we shall not go.

*Short.* Her Coach may crack.

*Enter Vallentyn, Francisco, and Luce.*

*Vaf.* Which way to live, how darest thou come to town, to ask such an idle question?

*Fran.* Me thinks tis necessary, unless you could restore that Annuicie you haue tipled up in Tayvers:

*Val.* Where hast thou been, and how brought up *Francisco*, that thou talkest thus out of *France*? thou wert a pretty fellow, and of a handsome knowledge; who has spoyled thee?

*Lan.* He that has spoil'd himself, to make him poor, and by Copie, will spoil all coms neer him, buy but a Glassy if you be yet so wealthy, and look there who's the best?

*Val.* Well said old Cepibold. *Lan.* My hearts good frechold for you I said it, this Gentleman's your brother, your hopeful brother, for there is no hope of you like him therafter. *Val.* En'e as well as I use my self, what wouldst thou have *Francke*.

*Fran.* Can you procure me a hundred pound?

*Lan.* Hark what he saies to you, O say your wits, they say you are excellent at it, for your Land has lain long bed-sit, and unseable.

*D* *Fran.*

Fran. And ile forget all wrongs, you see my state, and to what wretchedness, your will has brought me; but what it may be, by this benefit, if timely done, and like a noble brother, both you and I may feel; and to out comfortes:

Val. (A hundred pound) dost thou know what thou hast said boy?

Fran. I said a hundred pound.

Val. Thou hast said more, then any man can justifie before it, procure a hundred pounds. I say to thee, ther's no such worm in nature, forty shillings there may be now in Mist and that's a treasure, I have seen five pound, but let me tell ye, and tis as wonderfull, as Calves with five legges, her's five shillings. Francke, the harvest of five weeks, and a good crop too, take it, and pay thy first fruits, he come down, and eat it out.

Fran. Tis patience must meet with you sir, not love.

Lanc. Deal roundly, and leave these fiddle faddles:

Val. Leave thy prating, thou thinkest thou art a notable wise fellow, thou and thy rotten Sparrow Hawke; two of the reverent.

Lanc. I think you are mad, or if you be not, will be, with the next moon, what would you have him do?

Kate. How? I say, to get money first, that's to live, you have shewed him how to wear his bony.

Val. Shift thou do I live, why, what dull fool would ask that question, three hundred three pilds more, I and live bravely, the better half oth town, and live most gloriously, ask them what states they have, or what annuities, or when they pray for insatiable harvests, thou hast a handsome wench, stir i' to the World, Francke, this, stir, for shame, thou art a pretty Scholar, ask how to live, write, write, write any thing, the World's a fine believing World, write Newes.

Lanc. Dragons in Sussex sir, or fiery battels seen in the air at Aspurg.

Val. There's the way Francke, and in the will of the sky, shew me the Kingdoms with a sharp Prognostication, I shall scowr them, dearth upon dearth, like leuen taffities, predictions

dictions of Sea-breacher, stars, and want of herrings on our coast, with bloody noses.

*Lan.* Whirl-winds, that shall take off the top of *Granbury* steeple, and clap it on *Poultney*, and after these, a Leavoy to the City for their sins.

*Val.* *Proba cum est*, thou canst not want a pension, go switch me up a Covey of young Schollars, there's twenty nobles, and two loads of coals, are not these ready wayes? *Cosmography* thou art deeply read in, draw me a map from the *Mermaid*, I mean a midnight map to scape the *VVatches*, and such long senslesse examinations, and Gentlemen shall feed thee, right good Gentlemen, I cannot stay long.

*Lan.* You have read learnedly, and would you have him follow these megera's, did you begin with ballads?

*Fran.* *VWell*, I will leave you, I see my wants are grown ridiculous, yours may be so, I will not curse you neither; you may think, when these wanton fits are over, who bred me, and who ruined me, look to your self sir, a providence I wait on.

*Val.* Thou art passionate, hast thou been brought up with girls?

*Enter Shorboise with a bag.*

*Short.* Rest you merry, Gentlemen.

*Val.* Not so merry as you suppose, sir.

*Short.* Pray stay a while, and let me take a view of you, I may put my spoon into the wrong potage-pot else.

*Val.* *VVhy*, will thou minister us?

*Short.* No, you are not he, you are a thought too handiom.

*Lan.* *VWho* wouldst thou speake withall, why doest thou peep so?

*Short.* I am looking birds nests, I can find none in your bush beard, I would speake with you, black Gentleman.

*Fran.* *VWith me*, my friend?

*Short.* Yes sure, and the best friend sir, it seems you speake withall this twelve moneth, Gentleman, there's money for you.

*Val.* *Howe*?

*Short.* There's none for you sir, be not so brief, no: a penny,

Law how he itches at it, stand off, you stir my colour.  
*Lean.* Take it, tis money.

*Short.* You are too quick too, first be sure you have it, you seem to be a Faulkner, but a foolish one.

*Lean.* Take it, and say nothing.

*Short.* You are cozen'd too, tis take it, and spend it.

*Fran.* From whom came it, sir?

*Short.* Such another word, and you shall have none on't.

*Fran.* I thank you, sir, I doubly thank you.

*Short.* Well sir, then buy you better clothes, and get your hat dress'd, and your Laundress to wash your boots white.

*Fran.* Play stay sir, may you not be mistaken.

*Short.* I think I am, give me the money again, come quick, quick, quick.

*Fran.* I would be loth to render, till I am sure it be so.

*Short.* Hark in your ear, Is not your name Francisco?

*Fran.* Yes.

*Short.* Be quiet then, it may thunder a hundred times, before such stones fall: do you not need it?

*Fran.* Yes.

*Short.* And tis thought you have it.

*Fran.* I think I have.

*Short.* Then hold it fast, tis not fly-blown, you may pay for the poundage, you forget your self, I have not seen a Gentleman so backward, a wanting Gentleman.

*Fran.* Your mercie, sir.

*Short.* Friend, you have mercie, a whole bag full of mercie, be merry with it, and be wise.

*Fran.* I would fain, if it please you, but know.

*Short.* It does not please me, tell over your money, and be not mad, boy.

*Val.* You have no more such bags.

*Short.* More such there are, sir, but few I fear for you, I have cast your water, you have wit, you need no money.

*Exit.*

*Lean.* Be not amazed, sir, tis good gold, good old gold, this is restorative, and in good time, it comes to do you good, keep it and use it, let honest fingers feel it, yours be too quick sir.

*Fran.* He named me, and he gave it me, but from whom.

*Lean.*

*Wit without Money.*

*Lan.* Let um send more, and then examine it, this can be but a preface.

*Fran.* Being a stranger, of whom can I deserve this?

*Lan.* Sir, or any man that has but eyes, and manly understanding to find mens wants, good men are bound to do so.

*Val.* Now you see, *Franke*, there are more wayes than certainties, now you beleeve: What plow brought you this harvest, what sale of timber, coals, or what annuities? These feed no Hinds, nor wait the expectation of quarter dayes, you see it showers into you, you are an ass, lie plodding, and lie fooling, about this Blazing Starr, and that boopeep, whynning, and fasting, to finde the naturall reason why a Dog turns twice about before he lie down, what use of these, or what joy in annuities, where every man's thy study, and thy tennant, I am ashamed on thee:

*Lan.* Yes I have seen this fellow, theres a wealthy Widdow hard by.

*Val.* Yes marry is there.

*Lan.* I think hees her servant, or I am couzned else, I am sure ont.

*Fran.* I am glad ont.

*Lan.* She's a good woman.

*Fran.* I am gladder:

*Lan.* And young enough beleeve.

*Fran.* I am gladder of all sir:

*Val.* *Francky*, you shall lye with me soon.

*Fran.* I thank my money:

*Lan.* His money shall lie with me, three in a bed sir will be too much this weather.

(things—)

*Val.* Meet me at the Mermaid, and thou shalke see what

*Lan.* Trust to your self sir.

*Exeunt Fran. and Val.*

*Enter Fonsus, Bella, and Valentine.*

*Fonsus.* O *Valentines*.

*Val.* How now, why do you look so?

*Bella.* The Widdowes going man.

*Val.* Why let her go man.

*Hart.* Shees going out oth Town.

*Val.* The Town's the happier, I would they were all gone.

*Fonsus.* We cannot come to speak with her.

*Val.*

*Wit without Money.*

*Val.* Not to speak to her,

*Bel.* She will be gone within this hour, either now *Val.*

*Foum.* Hare. Now, now, now, good *Val.*

*Val.* I had rather march ith' mouth oth' Cannon, but adieu,  
if she be above ground, go, away to your prayers, away I say,  
away, she shall be spoken withall. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Shorthose with one boote on, Roger and Humphrey.*

*Rog.* She will go, *Shorthose.*

*Short.* Who can help it *Roger?*

*Within Raph.* Roger, help down with the hangings.

*Rog.* By and by *Raph*, I am making up oth' trunks here.

*Raph.* *Shorthose.*

*Short.* VVell.

*Raph.* VVho looks to my Ladies wardrobe? *Humphrey.*  
*Hum.* Here.

*Raph.* Down with the boxes in the gallery, and bring away  
the Coach cushions.

*Short.* Will it not rain, no conjuring abroad, nor no devi-  
ces to stop this journey.

*Rog.* Why go now, why now, why oth' sudden, now what  
preparation, what horses have we ready, what provision laid in  
it n' Countrey.

*Hum.* Not an egge I hope.

*Rog.* No nor one drop of good drink boyes, ther's the devil.

*Short.* I hartily pray the malt be musty, and then we must come

*Hum.* What sais the Steward? *(up again.*

*Rog.* Hee's at's wits end, for som four hours since, out of his  
haste and providence, he mistook the Millars mangie mare, for his  
own nagge.

*Short.* And she may break his neck, and save the journey, oh  
London how I love thee.

*Hum.* I have no boots nor none Ile buy ( or if I had ) refuse  
me if I would venture my ability, before a Cloak-Bag, meir are  
men

*Short.* For my part, if I be brought, as I know it will be  
aimed at, to carry any durty dary Cream-pot, or any gentle  
Lady of the Laundry, Chambring, or wantonness behinde my  
Gelding, with all her Streamers, Knap-sacks, Glassess, Gu-  
gawes,

*Wit without Money.*

gawes, as if I were a running slippery, Ile give um leave to cut my girts, and flay me. Ile not be troubled with their Distinctions, at every half miles end, I understand my self, and am resolved.

*Hum.* To morrow night at *Olivers*, who shall be there boys, who shall meet the wenches.

*Rog.* The well brew'd stand of Ale, we should have met at.

*Short.* These grieves like to another Tale of *Troy*, would mollifie the hearts of barbarous people, and Tom Butcher weep, *Encaus ensers*, and now the towns lost.

*Ral.* Why whether run you, my Lady is mad.

*Short.* I would fere were in Bedlam.

*Ral.* The carts are come, no hands to help to load um, the stuff lies in the hall, the plate :

*within Widdow.* Why knaves there, where be these idle fel-

*Short.* Shall I ride with one Boot.

(lowes)

*Wid.* Why where I say :

*Ral.* Away, away, it must be so.

*Short.* O for a tickling storm, to last but ten dayes. *Exurst.*

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*Actus 3. Scena. I.*

*Enter Isabella and Luce.*

*Luce.* BY my troth Mistris I did it for the best

*Isab.* It may be so, but *Luce*, you have a tongue : a dish of meat in your mouth, which if it were minced *Luce*, would do a great deal better.

*Luce.* I protest Mistress.

*Isab.* It will be your own one time or other : *Walter*

*Walter within :* Amon forsooth.

*Isab.* Lay my hat ready, my fan and cloak, you are so full of providence ; and *Walter*, tuck up my little box behind the Coach, and bid my maid make ready, my sweet service to your good Lady Mistress ; and my dog, good let the Coachman carry him.

*Luce.* But hear me.

*Isab.* I am in love sweet *Luce*, and you are so skillfull, that I

must

W<sup>th</sup> Kit without Money,

must needs undo my self; and hear me, let Oliver pack up my Glass discreetly, and see my Cuiles well carried, O sweet Luce, you have a tongue, and open tongues have open you know what, Luce.

Luce. Pray you be satisfied.

Isab. Yes and contented too, before I leave you: ther's a Roger, which some call a Butcher, I speak of certainties, I do not fish Luce, nay do not stare, I have a tongue can talk too: and a Green Chamber Lace, a back door opens to a long Gallerie; there was a night Luce, do you perceive, do you perceive me yet: O do you blush Luce, a Friday night I saw your Saint Luce; for to her box of Marmaladde, all's thine sweet Roger, this I heard and kept too.

Luce. En'e as you are a woman Mistress.

Isab. This I allow as good and Physicall sometime these meetings, and for the cheering of the heart; but Luce, to have your own turn seived, and to your friend to be a dogbolt.

Luce. I confess it Mistress.

Isab. As you have made my sister Jealous of me, and foolishly, and childishly pursued it, I have found out your haunt, and traced your purposes, for which mine honour suffers, your best waises mu't be applied to bring her back again, and seriously and suddenly, that so I may have a means to clear my self, and she a fair opinion of me, else you peevish—

Luce. My power and prayes Mistress.

Isab. Whats the matter?

B

Enter Shorthose and Widdow.

Short. I have been with the Gentleman, he has it, much good may do him with it.

Wid. Come are you ready, you love so to delay time, the day growes on.

Isab. I have sent for a few trifles, when those are come; And now I know your reason.

Wid. Know your own honour then, about your business, see the Coach ready presently, we tell you more then this; and

Exit Luce and Shorthose.

And understand it well, you must not think your fitter, so tender

Widowes Money,

tender eyed as not to see your follies, alas I know your heart,  
and must imagine, and truly too; tis not your charitie can coi<sup>b</sup>  
such sums to give away as you hast done; in that you have no  
wisdom Isabell, no nor modesty where nobler wifes are at home; I  
tell you, I am ashamed to finde this in your yeers, far more in  
your discretion, none to chuse but things for pittie, none to seal  
your thoughts on, but one of no abiding, of no name; nothing to  
bring you to but this, cold and hunger: A jolly Joyniture fitter, you  
are happy, no mony, no not ten shillings.

Isab. You search neirly.

Wid. I know it as I know your folly, one that know not  
where he shall eat his next meal, take his rest, unless it be it in  
stocks; what kindred has he, but a more wanting brother, or what  
virtues.

Isab. You have had rare intelligence, I see fister.

Wid. Or say the man had virtue, is virtue in this age a full  
inheritance: what Joyniture can he make you, *Plutarchs Morals*,  
or so much penny rent in the small Poets, this is not well, tis  
weak, and I grieve to know it.

Isab. And this you quit the town for.

Wid. It not time?

Isab. You are better read in my affairs than I am, that's all I  
have to answer, Ile go with you, and willingly, and what you  
think most dangerous, Ile sit laugh at.  
For fister tis not folly but good discretion governs our main for-  
tunes.

Wid. I am glad to hear you say so.

Isab. I am for you.

Enter *Shortbouse* and *Humphrey* with riding rods.

Hum. The Devil cannot stay her shoo'l out, eat an egge now,  
and then we must away.

Short. I am gaul'd already, yet I will pray, may London  
wayes from heateforth be full of holes, and Coaches crack  
their wheels, may zealous Smiths so houes all our Hack-  
neys, that they may feel compunction in their feet, and tire  
at Highgate, may it raias above all Almanacks till Carriers  
fail, and the Kings Fishmonger ride like *Bike Ariss* up-

Wit and woe in the day.

on a Trout to *Länds*.

*Hum.* At S. *Abones*, let all the Iris be drunk, not an Host  
sober to bid her worship welcome.

*Short.* Noe a Fiddle, but all preach'd down with Puritanes;  
no meat but Legs of Beef.

*Hum.* No beds but Wooll-Packs.

*Short.* And those so crammed with Warrens of starved  
Fleas that bite like Bandogs; let *Mis* be angry at their S. *Bal-*  
*Swagger*, and we pass in the heat one and be beaten, beaten abo-  
minably, beaten horse and man, and all my Ladies linthen sprink-  
led with suds and dishwater.

*Short.* Not a wheel but out of joynts.

*Enter Roger Langbien.*

*Hum.* Why dost thou laugh.

*Rog.* There's a *Crateman*, and the rarest Gentleman, and  
makes the rarest sport.

*Short.* Where, where?

*Rog.* Within here, has made the gayest sport with *Tom* the  
Coachman, so cewd him up with Sack that he lies lashing a But  
of Malmie for his Mares.

*Short.* Tis very goed.

*Rog.* And talks and laughs, and sings the rarest songs, and  
*Shortbase*, he has so mauld the Red Deer pies, made such an  
alms ith butterie,

*Short.* Better still.

*Enter Vall. Widdon* such

*Hum.* My Lady in a rage with the Gentleman.

*Short.* May he anger her into a feather.

*Wid.* I pray tell me, who sent you hither? for I imagine it is  
not your condition you look so temperately, and like a  
Gentleman, to ask me these milde questions.

*Vall.* Do you think I use to walk of strands, gentle Lady, or  
deal with women out of dreams from others.

*Wid.* You have not known me sure?

*Vall.* Not much.

*Wid.* What reason have you then to be so tender of my ere-  
dit, you are no kinsman?

*Vall.* If you take it so, the honest office that I came to do you,  
is not so heavie but I can return it: now I perceive you are too  
proud, not worth my visit.

*Wid.*

Wid. Pray stay, a little proud.

Val. Monstrous proud, I grieve to hear a woman of your value, and your abundant parts flung by the people, but now I see tis true, you look upon us as I were a rude and saucie fellow that borrowed all my breeding from a dunghill, or such a one, as should now fall and worship you in hope of pardon: you are cozen'd Lady, I came to prove opinion a loud liar, to see a woman onely great in goodness, and Mistress of a greater fame then fortune, but—

Wid. You are a strange Gentleman, if I were proud now, I should be monstrous angry, which I am not, and shew the effects of pride; I should despise you, but you are welcome sir: To think well of our selves, if we deserve it, it is a luster in us, and every good we have, strivys to shew gracious, what use is it else, old age like 'Seer-trees,' is seldom seen affected, strivs sometimes at rehearsal of such acts as his daring youth endeavoured.

Val. This is well, and now you speak to the purpose, you please me, but to be place proud:

Wid. If it be our own, why are we set here with distinction else, degrees, and orders given us? In you men tis held a coal-sift, if you lose your right affronts and losse of honor: streets, and walls, and upper ends of tables, had they tongues could tell what blood has followed, and what fewd about your ranks; are we so much below you, that till you have us, are the tops of nature, to be accounted dronies without a difference? you will make us beasts indeed.

Val. Nay worse than this too, proud of your cloathes, they swear a Mercers Lucifer, a rumour tackt together by a Taylour, nay yet worse, proud of red and white, a varnish that butter-tink can better.

Wid. Lord, how little will vex these poor blind people, if my cloathes be sometimes gay and glorious, does it follow, my minde must be my Mercers too, or say my beauty please some weak eyes, must it please them to think that blowes me up, that every hoar blowes off: this is an Infants anger.

Val. Thus they say too, what though you have a Coach

Wit without Money

lined through with velvet, and four fair Flanders mares, why should the streets be troubled continually with you, till Caermen curse you, can there be ought in this but pride of shew Lady, and pride of hum-beating, till the learned Lawyers with their fat bags, are thrust against the bulks till all their causes crack? why should this Lady, and other Lady, and the third sweet Lady, and Madam at Mile-end, be daily visited, and your poorer neighbours, with course napes neglected, fashions conferr'd about, pouncings, and paintings, and young mens bodies read on like Anatomies.

*Wid.* You are verie credulous, and somewhat desperate, to deliver this sir, to her you know not, but you shall confess me, and find I will not start; in us all meetings lie open to these lewd reports, and our thoughts at Church, our verie meditations some will swear, which all should fear to judge, at least uncharitably, are mingled with your memories, cannot sleep; but this sweet Gentleman swims in our fancies, that scarce man of war, and that smooth Senior; not dress'd our heads without new ambushes, how to surprize that greatnessse, or that glorie; our verie smiles are subject to constructions; nay sir, its come to this, we cannot push, but tis a favour for some fool or other: should we examine you thus, were not possible to take you without Prospectives.

*Wid.* It may be, but these excuse not.

*Wid.* Nor yours force, no truth sir, what deadly tongues you have, and to those tongues what hearts, and what Inventions? All my conscience, and 'twere not for shapp justice, you would venture to aim at your own mothers, and account it glorie to say you had done so; all you think are counsells, and cannot erre, 'tis we still that shew double, giddy, or going'd with passion; we that build Babels for mens conclusions, we that scatter, as day does his warm light; our killing curses over Gods creatures, next to the Devils malice: lets intreat your good words.

*Val.* Well, this woman has a brave soul.

*Wid.* Are not we gaily blest then, and much beholding to you, for your substance; you may do what you list, we what beseems us, and narrowly do that too, and precisely, our names,

*Wit without Money.*

names are served in else at Ordinaries, and belch abroad in Taverns.

*Val.* O most brave Wench, and able to redeem an age o women.

*Wid.* You are no Whoremasters, alas no Gentlemen, it were an impudencie to think you vicious; you are so holy, handsome Ladies fright you, you are the cool things of the time, the temperance, meer emblemes of the Law, and vales of Virtue, you are not daily mending like Dutch watches, and plastering like old walls; they are not Gentlemen, that with their secret finnes increase our Surgeons, and lie in forraine Countries, for new sores; women are all these vices; you are not envious, false, covetous, vain-glorious, irreligious, drunken, revengefull, giddie-eyed, like Parrats, eaters of others honours.

*Val.* You are angrie.

*Wid.* No by my troth, and yet I could say more too, for when men make me angrie, I am miserable.

*Val.* Sure 'tis a man, she could not bear it thus bravely else, it may be I am tedious.

*Wid.* Not at all sir, I am content: at this time you should trouble me.

*Val.* You are distrustfull.

*Wid.* Where I find no truth, sir.

*Val.* Come, come, you are full of passion.

*Wid.* Some I have, I were too neer the nature a god else.

*Val.* You are monstrous peevish.

*Wid.* Because they are monstrous foolish, and know not how to use that should trie me.

*Val.* I was never answered thus, was you never drunk Lady?

*Wid.* No sure, not drunk sir; yet I love good wine, as I love health, and joy of heart, but temperately, why do you ask that question?

*Val.* For that sin that they most charge you with, is this sins servant, they say you are monstrous.

*Wid.* What sir, what?

*Val.* Most strangely.

Wid without Money.

Wid. It has a name sure.

Val. Infinitely lustfull, without all bounds, they swear you  
kild your husband.

Wid. Let us have it all for Heavens sake, tis good mirth sir.

Val. They say you will have four now, and those four stuck  
in four quarters, like four winds to cool you ; will she not cry  
nor curse ?

Wid. On with your Story.

Val. And that you are forcing out of dispensations with sums  
of money to that purpose.

Wid. Four husbands, should not I be blest sir ; for example,  
Lord, what should I do with them ? turn a malt-mill, or tithe  
them out like Town-buls to my tenants, you come to make me  
angry, but you cannot.

Val. Ile make you merry then, you are a brave woman, and  
in despite of envie a right one, go thy ways, truth thou art as  
good a woman, as any Lord of them all can lay his leg over, I  
do not often commend your Sex.

Wid. It seems so, your commendations are so studied for.

Val. I came to see you, and sift you into flour to know your  
purenesse, and I have found you excellent, I thank you ; continue so, and shew men how to tread, and women how to fol-  
low : get an husband, an honest man, you are a good woman,  
and live hedg'd in from scandall, let him be too, an understand-  
ing man, and to that steadfast ; tis pitie your fair Figure should  
miscarry, and then you are fitt, farewell.

Wid. Pray stay a little, I love your company now you are so  
pleasant, and to my disposition set so even.

Val. I can no longer.

Wid. As I live a fine fellow, this manly handsome bluntness,  
shewes him honest ; what is he, or from whence ? bleſſe me,  
four husbands, how prettily he fooled me into vices, to stir my  
jealousie, and find my nature ; a proper Gentleman : I am not  
well oth' sudden, such a companion I could live and die with, his  
angers are meer mirth.

Enter Isabella.

Is. Come, come, I am ready.

Wid. Are you so ?

Is. What ails she, the Coach staies, and the people, the  
day

*Without Money.*

day goes on, I am as ready now as you desire, sister : he, who stayes now, why do you sit and pour thus.

*Wid.* Prethee be quiet, I am not well.

*Isab.* For Heave'n sake lets not ride staggering in the night, come, pray you take some sweet meats in your pocket, if your Stomack —

*Wid.* I have a little business.

*Isab.* To abus me, you shall not finde new dreams, and new suspitions, to horse withall.

*Wid.* Lord who made you a Commander : hay ho, my heart.

*Isab.* Is the winde come thicher, and coward like do you lose your colours to um, are you sick ath *Valentine* ; sweet sister, come lets away, the courtrey will so quicken you, and we shall live to tweydy : *Lace*, my Ladies Cloak ; nay, you have put me into such a gog of going, I would not sthy for all the world ; If I live here, you have so knocked this love into my head, that I shall love any body, and I finde my body, I know not how, so apt ; pray lets be gothister, I stand on thornes.

*Wid.* I prethee *Isabella*, I faith I have some busyness that concernes me, I will suspect no more, here, wear that for me, and I'll pay the hundred pound you owe your Taylor.

*Enter Shortboe I. Roger, Humphrey, Ralph.*

*Isab.* I had rather go, but —

*Wid.* Come walk in with me, wee'll go to Cards, unsaddle the Horses.

*Short.* A Jubile, a Jubile, we stay boyes.

*Enter Uncle, Lan. Foun. Bella. Harebrain following.*

*Vnc.* Are they behind us.

*Lanc.* Close, close, speak aloud sir.

*Vnc.* I am glad my nephew has so much discretion at length to finde his wants ; did she entertain him ?

*Lanc.* Most bravely, nobly, and gave him such a welcome.

*Vnc.* For his own sake do you think.

*Lanc.* Most certain sir, and in his own cause bestir'd himself too, and wan such liking from her, she dores on him, has the command of all the houie already.

*Vnc.* He deals not well with his friends.

*Lanc.*

*Wits without Money.*

*Lance.* Let him deal on, and be his own friend, he has most need of her. *Vnc.* I wonder they would put him.

*Lan.* You are in the right on't, a man that must raise himself, I knew he would do it, and glad I am he has; he watched occasion, and found it i'th nick.

*Vnc.* He has deceived me.

*Lan.* I told you howsoever he wheel'd about, he would charge home at length, how I could laugh now, to think of these tame fools.

*Vnc.* Twas not well done, because they trusted him, yet.

*Bel.* Harke you Gentlemen.

*Vnc.* We are upon a business, pray excuse us, they have it home.

*Lanc.* Come let it work good on Gentlemen.

*Exit Vncle, Lanc.*

*Font.* Tis true, he is a knave, I ever thought it.

*Hare.* And we are fools, tame fools.

*Bel.* Come lets go seek him, he shall be hang'd before he colt us basely. *Exit.* *Enter Isabella, Luce.*

*Isa.* Art sure she loves him.

*Luce.* Am I sure I live? And I have clapt on such a commendation on your revenge.

*Isa.* Faith, he is a pretty Gentleman.

*Luce.* Handsom enough, and that her eye has found out,

*Isa.* He talks the best they say, and yet the maddest.

*Luce.* Has the right way. *Isa.* How is she?

*Luce.* Bears it well, as if she cared not, but a man may see with half an eye through all her forced behaviours, and finde who is her *Valentine*.

*Isa.* Come lets go see her, I long to prosecute.

*Luce.* By no means Mistress, let her take better hold first,

*Isab.* I could burst now.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Valentine, Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain.*

*Val.* Upbraid me with your benefis, you Pilchers, you shotten, sold, flight fellowes, was't not I that undertook you first from empie barrells, and brought those barking mouthes that gaped like bung-holes to utter senice: where got you understanding? who taught you manners and apt carriage

*W<sup>th</sup> without Money.*

carriage to ranke your selves? who filled you in fit Taverns, were those born with your worships when you came hither? what brought you from the Universities of moment matter to allow you, besides your small base sentences?

*Bell.* Tis well sir.

*Val.* Long Cloaks wих two hand-ripiers, boot-hoses with penny-poses, and twenty foools opinions, who looked on you but piping rites that knew you would be prising, & Prentises in *Pauls* Church-yard, that seated your want of *Brittanes Books*.

*Enter Widdow, Luce, Harebrain.*

*Fant.* This cannot fave you.

*Val.* Taunt my integrity you Whelps.

*Bell.* You may talk the stock we gave yon out, but see no fur-  
ther.

*Hare.* You tempt our patience, we have found you out, and what your trust comes to, yea'r well feathered, thank us, and think now of an honest course, tis time; men now begin to look, and narrowly into your tumbling tricks, they are stale.

*Wid.* is not that he? *Luce* Tis he,

*Wid.* Be still and mark him.

*Val.* How miserable will these poor wretches be when I for-  
sake um, but things have their necessities, I am sorry, to what a  
vomit must they turn again, now to their own dear duaghil  
breeding; never hope after I cast you off, you men of *Motley*,  
you most undone things below pitie, any that has a soul and six-  
pence dares releve you, my name shall bar that bleffing; ther's  
your cloake sir, keep it close to you, it may yet preserve you a  
fortnight longer from the fool; your hat, pray be covered, and  
ther's the Satin that your Worships sent me, will serve you at a  
Sizes yet.

*Fant.* Nay faith sir, you may eue rub these out now.

*Val.* No such relicke, nor the leaft rag of such a fordid weak-  
ness shall keep me warm, these breeches are mine own, purchased,  
and paid for, without your compassion, a Christian breeches foun-  
ded in *Black Friers*, and so Ile maintain um.

*Hare.* So they seem sir.

*Val.* Only the thirteen shillings in these breeches, and  
the odde groat, I take it, shall be yours sir, a marke to know  
a *Kiaue* by, pray preserve it, do not displease more, but  
take

*Without Money.*

Take i'refently, now help me off with my bootes.

*Hare.* We are no grooms sir.

*Val.* For once you shall be, do it willingly, or by this hand I'll make you.

*Bell.* To our own sir, we may apply our hands.

*Val.* Theres your hangers, you may deserve a strong pair, and a gridle will hold you without buckles; now I am perfect, and now the proudest of your worships tell me I am beholding to you.

*Fouint.* No such matter.

*Val.* And take heed how you pity me, tis dangerous, exceeding dangerous, to prate of pity which are the poorer; you are now puppies; I without you, or you without my knowledge be reuges, and so be gone, be rouges and reply not, for if you do—

*Bell.* Only thus much, and then wee'll leave you, the ayr is far sharper than our anger sir, and these you may reserve to rail in warmer.

*Hare.* Pray have a care sir of your health. *Exit Lovers.*

*Val.* Yes Hog-hounds, more than you can have of your wits; tis cold, and I am very sensible, extreemly cold too, yet I will not off, till I have shamed these rascalls; I have indured as ill heats as another, and every way if one could perish my body, you'll bear the blame out; I am colder here, not a poor penny left.

*Uncle with a bag.*

*Vnc.* Ta's taken rarely, and now hee's flead he will be ruled.

*Lanc.* Too him, tew him, abuse him, and nip him close.

*Vnc.* Why how now cozen, sunning your self this weather?

*Val.* As you see sir, in a hot fit, I thank my friends.

*Vnc.* But cozen, where are your clothes man, those are no inheritance, your scruple may compound with those I take it, this is no fashion cozen.

*Val.* Not much followed, I must confess; yet Uncle I determine to tise what may be done next Tarm.

*Lanc.* How canst you thus sir, for you are strangely moved.

*Val.* Rags, toys and trifles, fit only for those fools that first possessed um, and to those Knaves, they are rendred freemen.

*Vnc.* ought to appear like innocents, old *Adam*, a fair Fig-leaf sufficient.

*Vnc.* Take me with you, were these your friends, that  
clear'd da

leav'd you thus.

Val. Hang friends, and even recknings that make friends.

Unc. I thought till now, there had been no such living, no such purchase, for all the rest is labour, as a list of honourable friends, do not such men as you sir, in lieu of all your understandings, travels, and those great gifts of nature; aim at no more than casting-off your coats, I am strangely chosen.

Lance. Should not the towne shake at the cold you feel now, and all the Gentry suffer interdition; no more sense spoken, all things Gold and Vandall, till you be summed again, velvets and scarlets, anointed with gold lace, and cloth of silver turned into Spanish Cottens for a pennance, wits blasted with your bulls, and Tavernes withered, as though the Term lay at St Albones.

Val. Gentlemen, you have spoken long and level, I beseech you take breath a while and hear me; you imagine now, by the twirling of your strings, that I am at the last, as also that my friends are flown like Swallows after Summer.

Unc. Yes sir, ~~you are a good man, and a good master~~

Val. And that I have no more in this poor pannier, to raise me up again above your rents, Uncle.

Unc. All this I do believe.

Val. You have no mind to better me.

Unc. Yes Cosen, and to that end I come, and once more offer you all that my power is master of.

Val. A match then, lay me down fifty pounds there.

Unc. There it is, sir.

Val. And on it wryte, that you are pleased to give this, as due unto my merit, without caution of land redeeming, tedious thanks, or thrift hereafter to be hoped for.

Unc. How? *Luce* lays a suit and letter at the door.

Val. Without dating, when you are drunk, to relish of revilings, to which you are prone in sack, Uncle.

Unc. I thank you, sir.

Lance. Come, come away, let the young wanton play a while, away I say sir, let him go forward with his naked fashions, he will seek you too morrow; goodly weather, sultrie hot, sultrie, how I swear.

Unc. Farewell, sir.

Will without Money.

*Unc.* Farewell, sir. *Exeunt Uncle and Lance.*

*Val.* Would I sweat too, I am monstrous vex'd, and cold too; and these are but thin pumps to walk the streets in; clothes I must get, this fashion will not fadge with me; besides, 'tis an ill winter wear, — What art thou? yes, they are clothes, and rich ones, some fool has left 'em; and if I should utter what's this paper here? Let these be onely worn by the most noble and deserving Gentleman *Valentino*, — drops out both clouds; I think they are full of gold too; well, I'll leave my wonder, and be warm agen, in the next house Ile shift. *Exit.*

Actus 4. Scena. I.

*Enter Francisco, Uncle, and Lance.*

*Fran.* Why do you deal thus with him? 'tis unnobly.

*Unc.* Peace Cosen peace, you are too tender of him, he must be dealt thus with, he must be cured thus; the violence of his disease *Francisco*, must not be jested with, 'tis grown infectious, and now strong Corrasives must cure him.

*Lance.* Has had a stinge, has eaten off his cloathes, the next his skin comes.

*Unc.* And let it search him to the bones, 'tis better, twill make him feel it.

*Lance.* Where be his noble friends now? will his fantastical opinions cloath him; or the learned Are of having nothing feed him?

*Unc.* It must needs greedily, for all his friends have flung him off, he is naked, and where to skinne himself agen, if I know, or can, devile how he should get himself lodging, his spirit must be bowed, and now we have him, have him at that we hoped for.

*Lanc.* Next time we meet him cracking of nuts, with half a cloake about him, for all means are cut off, or borrowing six-pence, to shew his bounty in the pottage Ordinary?

*Fran.* VVhich way went he?

*Lance.* Pox, why should you ask after him, you have beene trimm'd already, let him take his fortune, he spunne it

Wit without Money.

out hims else, sir, there's no pitie.

*Unc.* Besides some good to you now, from this miserie.

*Fran.* I rise upon his ruines, fie, fie, Uncle, fie honest *Lance*. those Gentlemen were base people, that could so soon take fie to his destruction.

*Unc.* You are a fool, you are a fool, a young man.

*Enter Valentine.*

*Val.* Morrow uncle, morrow *Franks*, sweet *Franks*, and how, and how dee, think now, how shew matters? morrow *Bandog*.

*Unc.* How?

*Fran.* Is this man naked, forsaken of his friends?

*Val.* Th'art handsome, *Franks*, a pretty Gentleman, ifaith thou lookest well, and yet here may be those that look as handsome.

*Lan.* Sure he can conjure, and has the Devil for his Tailor.

*Unc.* New and rich, tis most impossible he should recover.

*Lan.* Give him this luck, and fling him into the Sea,

*Unc.* 'Tis hot he, imagination cannot work this miracle.

*Val.* Yes, yes, tis he, I will assure you uncle, the very he, the he your wisdom plaid withall, I thank you for't, neighed at his nakednesse, and made his cold and poverty your pastime; you see I live, and the best can do no more uncle, and though I have no state, I keep the streets still, and take my pleasure in the Town, like a poor Gentleman, wear clothes to keep me warm, poor things they ser've me, can make a shew too if I list, yes uncle, and ring a peal in my pockets, ding dong, uncle, these are mad foolish wayes, but who can help un?

*Unc.* I am amazed.

*Lan.* Ile sell my Copyhold, for since there are such excellent new nothings, why should I labour, is there no Fairy haunts him, no Rat, nor no old woman.

*Unc.* You are *Valentine*.

*Val.* I think so, I cannot tell, I have been call'd so, and some say Christened, why do you wonder at me, and swell, as if you had met a Sergeant fasting, did you ever know desert want? y'are fools, a little stoop there may be to allay him, he would grow too rank else, a small eclipse to shadow him, but out he must break, glowingly again, and with great luster, look you uncle, motion and majesty.

*Unc.* I am confounded,

*Fran.* I am of his faish.

*Wit without Money.*

*Val.* Walk by his carelesse kinsman, and turn again and walk, and look thus Uncle, taking some one by the hand, he loves best, leave them to the mercie of the hog-market, come *Franks*, Fortune is now my friend, let me instruct thee.

*Franks.* Good morrow Uncle, I must needs go with him.

*Val.* Flay me, and turn me out where none inhabits, within two hours, I shall be thus again, now wonder on, and laugh at your own ignorance.

*Ex. Val. and Franks.*

*Unc.* I do beleeve him.

*Lan.* So do I, and heartily upon my conscience burie him stark naked, he would rise again, within two hours imbroidered: Tow mustard-seeds, and they cannot come up so thick as his new fattens do, and clothes of silver, there's no striving.

*Unc.* Let him play a while then, and let's search out what hand: ==

*Lan.* I there the game lies.

*Excuse.*

*Enter Fountaine, Bellamore and Harebraine.*

*Foun.* Come, let's speak for our selves, we have lodg'd him sure enough, his nakednesse dare not peep out to crossie us.

*Bell.* We can have no admittance.

*Hare.* Let's in boldly, and use our best arts, who she dains to favour, we are all content.

*Foun.* Much good may do her with him, no civil wars.

*Bell.* By no means, now do I wonder in what old tod Iyie he lies whistling for means, nor clothes he hath none, nor none will trust him, we have made that side sure, teach him a new wooing.

*Hare.* Say it is his uncles spite.

*Foun.* It is all one Gentleman, 'tas rid us of a fair incumbrance, and makes us look about to our own fortunes. Who are these?

*Enter Isabel and Lucrece.*

*Isa.* Not see this man yet, well, I shall be wiser: but *Lucrece*, didit ever know a woman melt so? she is finely hurt to hunt.

*Lucrece.* Peace, the three Suitors.

*Isa.* I could so titter now and laugh, I was lost *Lucrece*, and I must live, I know not what; O *Cupid*, what pretty gins thou hast to halter *Woodcocks*, and we must into the Countrey in all haste, *Lucrece*.

*Lucrece.* For Heavens sake, Mistris.

*Isa.* Nay, I have done, I must laugh though; but scholler, I shall teach you.

*Foun.* 'Tis her sister.

*Bell.*

*Bill.* Seve you Ladies. *Ifa.* Fair met Gentlemen,  
you are visiting my sister, I assure my self.

*Hare.* We would fain bles our eyes.

*Isab.* Behold and welcome, you would see her :

*Foun.* Tis our busines.

*Ifa.* You shall see her, and you shall talk with her.

*Luce.* She will not see um, nor spend a word.

*Ifa.* He make her frat a thousand, nay now I have found the  
fab, I will so scratch her. *Luce.* She cannot endure um.

*Isab.* She loves um but too dearly, come follow me, He bring  
you tot'h party Gentlemen, then make your own conditions.

*Luce.* See is sick you know.

*Ifa.* He make her well, or kill her, and take no idle answer,  
you are fools then, nor stand off for her state, sheel scorn you all  
then, but urge her still, and though she fret, still follow her, a  
Widdow must be won so.

*Bol.* Shee speaks bravely.

*Ifa.* I would fain have a brother in law, I love mens compa-  
ny, and if she call for dinner to avoid you, be sure you stay, fol-  
low her into her chamber, if she retire to Pray, pray with her,  
and boldly, like honest lovers.

*Luce.* This will kill her.

*Foun.* You have shewed us one way, do but lead the other.

*Ifa.* I know you stand a thorns, come He dispatch you.

*Luce.* If you live after this. *Ifa.* I have lost my ayin.

*Enter Valentine and Francisco.*

*Fra.* Did you not see um since.

*Val.* No hang um, hang um.

*Fran.* Nor will you not be seen by um : *Val.* Let um  
alone *Francke*, He mak um their own justice, and a jerker.

*Fran.* Such base discurteous Dog-whelps

*Val.* I shal dog um, and double dog um, ere I have done.

*Fran.* Will you go with me, for I whuld fain finde out this  
peece of bountie, it was the Widdows man that I am certain of.

*Val.* To what end would you go.

*Frau.* To give thanks.

*Val.* Hang giving thanks, hast not thou part deserves it, it in-  
cluds to a further will to be beholding, beggers can do no more at  
Doore, if you will go, there lies your way.

*Fran...*

VVit without Money,

*Fran.* I hoyē you wil go.

*Val.* No not in ceremony, and to a woman, with mine own father, were he living *Franks*; I would tot'h Court with Bears first, if it be that wench, I think it is, for t'others wiser, I would not be so looke upon, and laught at, so made a ladder for her wit, to climbe upon, for tis the tacest tit in Christendome, I know her well *Franks*, and have buckled with her, so lickt, and stroaked, stread upon, and flouted, and shoun to Chambe: maids, like a strange beast, she had purchased with her penny.

*Fran.* You are a strange man, but do you think it was a woman.

*Val.* Theres no doubt ont, who can be there to do it else, besides the manner of the circumstances.

*Fran.* Then such courtesies, who ever dos um fir, saving your own wiðoane, must be more looke into, and better answered, then with deserving flights, or what we ought to have conferred upon us, men may starve else, means are not gotten now with crying out I am a gallant fellow, a good Souldier, a man of learning, or fit to be employed, immediate blessings, cease like miracles, and we must grow, by second means, I pray go with me, even as you love me fir.

*Val.* I will come to thee, but *Franks*, I will not stay to hear your fopperies, dispatch those ere I come.

*Fran.* You will not fail me.

*Val.* Some two hours hence expect me.

*Fran.* I thank you, and will look for you. Exeunt

*Enter Widow, Shortboſe, and Roger.*

*Wid.* Who let in these puppies, you blinde rascals, you drunken Knaves several.

*Short.* Yes forsooth, He let um in presently, — Gentlemen,

*VVid.* Spraceous, you blown Pudding, bawling Rogue.

*Short.* I bawl as loud as I can, would you have me fetch um upon my back.

*Wid.* Get um out rascall, out with um, our, I sweat to have um neer me.

*Short.* I shoud sweat more to carry um out.

*Rog.* They are Gentlemen Madam:

*Short.* Shall we get um int'ch butterie, and make um drink.

*Wid.* Do any thing, so I be eased,

*Enter,*

W<sup>H</sup> without Money.

Enter Isabel, Fons<sup>t</sup>, Bella, Hare.

Isab. Now too her sir, fear nothing.

Bog. Slip aside bay, I know she loves um, howsoever she carries it, and has invited um, my young Mistress told me so.

Short Away to tables then.

Excess.

Isab. I shall burst with the sport ont.

Fons<sup>t</sup>. You are too curious Madam, too full of preparation, we expect it not.

Bella. Me thinks the house is handsome, every place decent, what need you be vex?

Hare. We are no strangers.

Fons<sup>t</sup>. What though we come ere you expected us, do not we know your entertainments Madam are free, and full at all times.

VVid. You are merry Gentlemen.

Bell. We come to be merry Madam, and very merry, men love to laugh heartily, and now and then Lady a little of our old plea.

Wid. I am busie, and very busie too, will none deliver me?

Hare. There is a time for all, you may be busie, but when your friends come, you have as much power Madam.

Wid. This is a tedious torment.

Fons<sup>t</sup>. How handsomly this little peete of anger shewes upon her, well Madam well, you know not how to grace your self.

Bell. Nay every thing she does breeds a new sweetnes.

VVid. I must go up, I must go up, I have a busines waite up on me, some wine for the Gentlemen.

Hare. Nay, wee'l go with you, we never saw your chamb<sup>rs</sup> yet.

Isab. Hold there boyes.

VVid. Say I go to my prayers.

Fons<sup>t</sup>. Wee'l pray with you, and help your meditations.

Wid. This is boystrous, or say I go to sleep, will you go to sleep with me.

Bell. So suddenly before meat will be dangerous, we know your dinners ready Lady, you will not sleep.

VVid. Give me my Coach, I will take the air,

Hare. Wee'l wait on you, and then your meat after a quickned stomacke.

Wid. Let it alone, and call my Steward to me, and bid him

Wit without Money.

bring his reckonings into the Orchard, these unmannerly rude puppies — Exit Widow.

*Fon.* Wee walk after you and view the pleasure of the place.

*Isa.* Let her not rest, for if you give her breath, shee'l scorn and flout you, seem how she will, this is the way to win her, be bold and prosper.

*Bella.* Nay if we do not tire her. — Exeunt.

*Isab.* Ile teach you to worm me, good Lady sister, and peep into my privacies to suspect me, Ile torture you, with that you hate most daintily, and when I have done that, laugh at that you loue most. Enter Luce.

*Luce.* What have you done, she chafes and fumes outrageously, and still they persecute her.

*Isab.* Long may they do so, Ile teach her to declaim against my pities, why is she not gone out of h' town, but gives ocoasion for men to run mad after her.

*Luce.* I shall be hanged.

*Isab.* This in me had been high treason, three at a time, and private in her Orchard, I hope shee'l cast her reckonings right now. Enter Widow.

*Wid.* Well, I shall find who brought um.

*Isab.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Wid.* Why do you laugh sister, I fear me tis your trick, twas neatly done of you, and well becomes your pleasure.

*Isab.* What have you done with um.

*Wid.* Lockt um with Orchards, there Ile make um dance and caper too, before they get their liberty, unmannerly rude puppies.

*Isab.* They are somwhat saucy, but yet Ile let um out, and once more sound um, Why were they not beaten out.

*Wid.* I was about it, but because they came as suiters.

*Isab.* Why did you not answer um.

*Wid.* They are so impudent they will receive none: More yet, how came these in.

Enter Francisco and Lance.

*Lan.* At the door Madam.

*Isab.* It is that face.

*Luc.* This is the Gentleman.

*Wid.* Shee sent the money too,

Lan.

*Without Money.*

*Enc.* The same.

*Isa.* Ile leave you, they have some businesse.

*Wid.* Nay, you shall stay sister, they are strangers both to me; how her face alters?

*Isa.* I am sorry he comes now.

*Wid.* I am glad he is here now though, who would you speak with, Gentlemen? *Lan.* You Lady, or your fair sister there, here's a Gentleman that has received a benefit.

*Wid.* From whom, sir?

*Lan.* From one of you, as he supposes Madam, your man delivered it.

*Wid.* I pray go forward.

*Lan.* And of so great a goodness, that he dares not, without the tender of his thanks and service, passe by the house.

*Wid.* Which is the Gentleman?

*Lan.* This, Madam.

*Wid.* What's your name, sir?

*Fran.* They that know me, call me *Priscilla* Lady, one not so proud to scorn so timely a benefit, nor so wretched to hide a gratitude.

*Wid.* It is well bestowed when it is given to a good man.

*Fran.* Your fair self, or your sister as it seems, for what desert I dare not know, unless a handsome subject for your charities, or aptness in your noble will to do it, have shown upon my wants a timely bounty, which makes me rich in thanks, my best inheritance.

*Wid.* I am sorry 'twas not mine, this is the Gentlewoman, fie, do not blush, go roundly to the matter, the man is a prettie man.

*Isa.* You have three fine ones.

*Fran.* Then to you, dear Lady.

*Isa.* I pray no more sir, if I may perswade you, your only aptness to do this is recompence, and more than I expected.

*Fran.* But good Lady.

*Isa.* And for me further to be acquainted with it, besides the imputation of vain glory, were greedy thankings of my self, I did it not to be more affected to; I did it, and if it happened where I thought it fitteth, I have my end; more to enquire is curious in either of us, more than that suspicuous:

*Fran.* But gentle Lady, 'twill be necessary.

*Isa.* About the right way nothing, do not fright it, being

*Wh without Money.*

so pious use and tender sighted, with the blown face of Complements, it blasts it, had you not come at all, but thought thanks; it had been too much, 'twas not to see your person.

*Wid.* A brave dissembling rogue, and how she carries it.

*Isa.* Though I believe few handsomer; or hear you, though I affect a good tongue well; or trie you, though my years desire a friend, that I believed you.

*Wid.* A plague cunning quean.

*Isa.* For so I carried it, my ends too glorious in mine eyes, and bartered the goodesse I propounded with opinion.

*Wid.* Fear her not, Sir.

*Isa.* You cannot catch me, sister.

*Fran.* Will you both teach, and tie my tongue up Ladie?

*Isa.* Let it suffice you have it, it was never mine, whilst good men wanted it.

*Lan.* This is a Saint sure.

*Isa.* And if you be not such a one, restore it.

*Fran.* To commend my self, were more officious than you think my thanks are, to doubt I may be worth your gift a treason, both to mine own good and understanding, I know my mind clear, and though modestie tells me, he that intreats, intrudes; yet I must think something, and of some season, met with your better taste, this had not been else.

*Wid.* What ward for that, wench?

*Isa.* Alas, it never touched me.

*Fran.* Well, gentle Ladie, yours is the first money I ever took upon a forced ill-mannered

*Isa.* The last of me, if ever you use other.

*Fran.* How may I do, and your way to be thought a gratefull taker.

*Isa.* Spend it, and say nothing, your

modestie may deserve more.

*Wid.* O sister, will you bar thankfulness?

*Isa.* Dogges dance for meat, would you have men do worse, for they can speak, cry out like VVood-mongers, good deeds by the hundreds, I did it that my best friend should not know it, wine and vain glorie does as much as I else, if you will force my merit, against my meaning, use it in well bestowing it, in shewing it came to be a benefit, and was so; and nor examining a woman did it, or to what end, in not be-  
leevyn.

Leaving sometimes your self, when drink and stirring conversation may ripen strange persuasions.

*Fran.* Gentle Ladie, I were a base receiver of a courtesie, and you a worse disposer, were my nature unfurnished of these fore-sights, Ladies honours were ever in my thoughts, unspotted crimes, their good deeds holy temples, where the incense burns not, to common eyes your fears are vertuous, and so I shall preserve um.

*Isa.* Keep but this way, and from this place to tell me so, you have paid me; and so I wish you see all fortune. *Exit.*

*Wid.* Fear not, the woman will be thanked, I do not doubt it, are you so craftie, carrie it so precisely, this is to wake my fears, or to abuse me, I shall look narrowly, despair not. Gentlemen, there is an hour to catch a woman in, if you be wise, so, I must leave you too: Now will I go laugh at my Suitors, *Exit.*

*Lan.* Sir, what courage?

*Fran.* This woman is a founder, and cites statutes to all her benefits.

*Lan.* I never knew yet, so few years and so cunning, yet beleive me she has an itch, but how to make her confess it, for it is a craftie Tit, and playes about you, will not bite home, she would faint, but she dares not; carrie yourself but so discreetly sir, that want or wanconnesse seem not to search you, and you shall see her open.

*Fran.* I do love her, and were I rich, would give two thousand pound to wed her wit but one hour, oh tis a dragon, and such a spritely way of pleasure, ha *Lance.*

*Lan.* Your ha *Lance* broken once, you would cry, ho, ho, *Lance.*

*Fran.* Some leaden landed rogue will have this wench now, when all's done, some such youth will carriher, and wear her greasie out like buffe, some Dunce that knowes no more but markets, and admires nothing but a long charge at Sizies: O the fortunes.

*Enter Isabel and Lance.*

*Lan.* Comfort your self.

*Luce.* They are here yet, and a love too, boldly upon't; nay, Mistresse, I still told you, how' would finde your trust, this

*Wit without Money.*

‘tis to venture your charitie upon a boy.

*Lan.* Now, what’s the matter? stand fast, and like your self.

*Isa.* Prethee no more wench.

*Luce.* What was his want to you. *Isa.* ‘Tis true.

*Luce.* Or misery, or say he had been ith’ Cage, was there no  
mercie to look abroad but yours?

*Isa.* I am paid for fooling.

*Luce.* Must every flight companion that can purchase a shew  
of poverty and beggerly planet fall under your compassion?

*Lance.* Here’s a new matter.

*Luce.* Nay, you are served but too well, here he failes yet,  
yet as I live. *Fran.* How her face akes on me?

*Luce.* Out of a confidence I hope. *Isa.* I am glad on’t.

*Fran.* How do you gentle Lady?

*Isa.* Much ashamed sir, but first stand further off me, y’are  
infectious to find such vanitie, nay almost impudence, where I  
believe a worth: is this your thanks, the gratitude you were so  
mad to make me, your trim counsell Gentlemen?

*Lanc.* What, Lady?

*Isa.* Take your device agen, it will not serve sir, the wo-  
man will not bite, you are finely cosened, drop it no more for  
shame.

*Luce.* Do you think you are here sir amongst your wast-  
coateers, your base wenches that scratch at such occasions; you  
are deluded: This is a Gentlewoman of a noble House, born to  
a better fame than you can build her, and eyes above your  
pitch. *Fran.* I do acknowledge —

*Isa.* Then I beseech you sir, what could’see, speak boldly,  
and speak truly, sham the Devil, in my behaviour of such easi-  
nesse that you durst venture to do this.

*Fran.* You amaze me, this Ring is none of mine, nor did I  
drop it. *Luce.* I saw you drop it, sir.

*Isa.* I took it up too, still looking when your modesty should  
miss it, why, what a childish part was this

*Fran.* I vow.

*Isa.* Vow me no vowes, he that dares do this, has bred  
himself to boldnesse, to forswear too; there take your gew-  
gaw, you are too much pampered, and I repent my part, as

*Wit without Money.*

you grow older grow wiser if you can, and so farewell sir.

*Exit Isabella and Luce.*

*Lan.* Grow wiser if you can, she has put it to you, tis a rich Ring, did you drop it?

*Fran.* Never, nere see it afore *Lance*.

*Lan.* Thereby hangs a tail then: what flight she makes to catch her self, look up sir, you cannot lose her if you would, how daintily she flies upon the Lure, and cunningly she makes her stops, whittle and shee'l come to you.

*Fran.* I would I were so happy.

*Lan.* Maids are Clocks, the greatest Wheel they show, goes slowest to us, and mak's hang on tedious hopes; the lesser, which a're concealed being [often oyl'd with] wishes, flee like de-fires, and never leave that motion, till the tongue strikes; she is flesh, blood and marrow, young as her purpose, and soft as pity; no Mohument to worship, but a mould to make men in, a neat one, and I know how ere she appears now, which is neer enough, you are stark blinde if you hit not soon at night; she would venture forty pounds more but to feel a Flea in your shape bite her: drop no more Rings forsooth, this was the prettiest thing to know her heart by.

*Fran.* Thou puts me in much comfort.

*Lan.* Put your self in good comfort, if she do not point you out the way, drop no more rings, shee'l drop her self into you.

*Fran.* I wonder my brother comes not.

*Lan.* Let him alone, and feed your self on your own fortunes; come be frolickie, and lets be monstrous wife and full of councill: drop no more Rings.

*Exit.*

*Enter Widow, Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain.*

*Wid.* If you will needs be foolish you must be used so: who sent for you? who entertained you Gentlemen? who bid you welcome hither? you came crowding, and impudently bold; pres' on my patience, as if I kept a house for all Companions, and of all sorts will 'have your wills, will vex me and force my liking from you, I nere owe'd you.

*Fount.* For all this we will dine with you.

*Bell.* And for all this will have a better answer from you.

*Wid.* You shall never, neither have an answer nor dinner,

unless

unless you use me with a more staid respect, and stay your time too.

*Enter Isabella, Shorthose, Roger, Humpborey, Ralph,  
with dishes of meat.*

*Isab.* Forward with the meat now.

*Rog.* Come Gentlemen march fairly.

*Short.* Roger, you are a weak Servingman, your white broath runs from you; fie, how I sweat under this Pile of Beef; an Elephant can do more! Oh for such a back now, and in these times, what might a man arrive at, Goose, grafe you up, and Woodcock march behinde thee, I am almost founedred.

*VVid.* Who bid you bring the meat yet? away you knaves, I will not dine these two houres, how am I vexed and chafed; go carry it back and tell the Cook, he's an arrant Rascall, to send before I called.

*Short.* Faces about Gentlemen, beat a mournfull march then, and give some supporters, I or else perish.

*Exeunt Servants.*

*Isab.* It does me much good to see her chafe thus.

*Hare.* We can stay Madam, and will stay and dwell here, tis good Ayre.

*Foun.* I know you have beds enough, and meat you never want.

*Wid.* You want a little.

*Bell.* We dare to pretend no, Since you are churlish, wee'll give you Physick, you must purge this anger, it burns yon and decays you.

*VVid.* If I had you out once, I would be at charge of a percul- lis for you.

*Enter Vallamino.*

*Val.* Good morrow noble Lady.

*VVid.* Good morrow sir, how sweetly now he looks, and how full manly, what slaves was these to use him so.

*Val.* I come to look a young man I call brother.

*VVid.* Such a one was here sir, as I remember your own brother, but gone almost an hour ago.

*Val.* Good e'n then.

*VVid.* You must not so soon sir, here be some Gentlemen, it may be you are acquainted with um.

*Hare.* Will nothing make him miserable?

*Foun.* How glorious!

*Bell.* It is the very he, does it rain fortunes, or has he a familiar.

*Here.* How doggedly he looks too, prying into his doings.

*Fann.* I am beyond my fears, pray lets be going.

*Val.* Where are these Gentlemen? quoth this valiant hostess.

*Wid.* Here.

*Val.* Yes I know um, and will be more familiar.

*Bell.* Morrow Maddam.

*Wid.* Nay I am not dined with ever now.

*Val.* You shall stay till I talk with you, and not dine neither, but fastingly my fury, you thinke you have undone me, think so still, and swallow that belef, till you be company for Court-hand Clarkes, and starved Attornies, till you break in at playes like Prentises for three a groat, and crack Nuts with the Scholars, in penny Rooms agen, and fight for Apples, till you return to what I found you, people betraid into the hands of Fencers, Challengers, Tooth-drawers Bills, and tedious Proclamations in Meal-markets, with throngings to see Curpurses: stir not, but hear, and mark, Ile cut your throats else, till Water works, and rumours of New Rivers rid you again and run you into questions who built Thames, till you run mad for Lotteries, and stand there with your tables to glean the golden Sentences, and cite um secretly to Servingmen for sound Essays, till Tavernes allow you but a Towel room to Tipple in Wine, that the Bell hath gone for twice, and Glasses that look like broken promises, tied up with wicker protestations, English Tobacco with half Pipes, nor in Half a year once burro, and Bisket that Bawds have rubb'd their gums upon like Corallis to bring the mark again, tell these hour Rascals so, this most fatall hour will come again, think I sit down the looser.

*Wid.* Will you stay Gentlemen, a pece of Beef and a cold Capon, that's all, you know you are welcome.

*Hum.* That was cast to abuse us.

*Bell.* Steal off, the devil is in his anger.

*Wid.* Nay I am sure you will not leave me so discourtefully now I have provided for you.

*Val.* What do you here? why do ye vex a woman of her goodness, her state and worth; can you bring a fair certifi-

fieate that you deserve to be her footmen, husbands, you pupies, husbands for Whores and Bawds, away you wind sicker; do not look big, nor prate, nor stay, nor grumble, and when you are gone, seem to laugh at my fury, and slight this Lady, I shall hear, and knw this; and though I am not bound to fight for women, as far as they are good I dare preserve um: be not too bold, for if you be, Ile swinge you monstrously without all pity, your honours now goe, avoid me mainly.

*Wid.* Well sir, you have delivered me, I thank you, and with your nobleness prevented danger, their tongues might utter, weell all go and eat sir.

*Val.* No, no I dare not trust my self with women, go to your meat, eat little, take less ease, and tie your body to a daily labour, you may live honitly, and so I thank you.

*Exeunt.*

*Exeunt.*

*Exeunt.*

*Exeunt.*

ACTUS 3. SCENA. I.

*Enter Uncle and Merchant.*

*Unc.* Most certain tis, her hands that hold him up, and her sister relieves *Frank*.

*Mer.* I am glad to hear it: but wherefore do they not pursue this fortune to some fair end?

*Mer.* The women are too craftie, *Valentines* too toy, and *Frank* too bashfull, had any wise man hold of such a blessing, they would strike it out oth' flint but they would forme it.

*Enter Widdow and Shorbosse.*

*Mer.* The Widdow sure, why does she stir so early.

*Wid.* Tis strange, I cannot force him to understand me, and m make a benefit, of what I would bring him, tell my sist'r he use say devotions at home this morning, she may if she please go to Church.

*Shorb.* Hay ho.

*Wid.* And do you waite upon her with torch sir?

*Shorb.* Hay ho.

Widowes Money.

Wid. You lazie Knav.

Short. Here is such a tinkle tanklings that we can neare lie quiet, and sleep our prayers out, Ralph pray empie my right shooe that you made your Chamber-pot, and burn a little Rose-marie in't, I must wait upon my Ladie. This morning Prayer has brought me into a consumption, I have nothing left but flesh and bones about me.

Wid. You drousie slave, nothing but sleep and swilling.

Short. Had you been bitten with Bandog fleas, as I have been, and haunted with the night Mare.

Wid. With an Ale-pot.

Short. You would have little list to morning Prayers, pray take my fellow Ralph, hee has a Psalme booke, I am an ingrum man.

Wid. Get you ready quickly, and wen she is ready wait up on her handisomely ; no more, be gone.

Short. If I do shone my part out — Exit Short.

Unc. Now to our purposes.

Mrs. Good morrow, Madam,

Wid. Good morrow, Gentlemen.

Unc. Good joy and fortune.

Wid. These are good things, and worth my thanks, I thank you Sir.

Mrs. Much joy I hope ly ou'l finde, we came to gratulate your new knit marriage-band.

Wid. How ?

Unc. Hee's a Gentleman, although he be my kinsman, my fair Niece.

Wid. Niece, Sir?

Mrs. Yes Lady, now I may say so, tis no shame to you, I say a Gentleman, and winking at some light fancies, which you most happily may affect him for, as bravely carried, as nobly bred and managed.

Wid. What's all this, I understand you not, what Niece, what marriage-knot ?

Unc. Ile tell plainly, you are my Niece, and *Valans* the Gentleman has made you to by marriage.

Wid. Marriage ?

Act the second. Scene the first.

Unc. Yes Lady, and twas a noble and vertuous party to take a falling man to your protection, and bous him up again to all his glories.

Wid. The men are mad.

Mer. What though he wanted these outward things, that lie away like shadowes, was not his mind a full one, and a brave one? You have wealth enough to give him glasse and outside, and he wit enough to give way to love a Lady.

Unc. I ever thought he would do well.

Mer. Nay, I knew how ever he wheel'd about like a loose Cabine, he would charge home at length, like a brave Gentleman; Heavens blessing a your heart Lady, we are so bound to honour you, in all your service so devoted to you.

Wid. Do not look so strange Widow, it must be known, better a generall joy; no stirring here yet, come, come, you cannot hide um.

Wid. Pray be not impudent, these are the finest toyes, belike I am married then.

Mer. You are in a miserable estate in the worlds aground else, I would not for your wealth it come to doubting.

Wid. And I am great with childe?

Unc. No, great they say not, but tis a full opinion you are with childe, and great joy among the Gentlemen, your husband hath bestirred himself fairly.

Mer. Alas, we know his private hours of entrance, how long, and when he stayed, could name the bed too; where he paid down his first fruits.

Wid. I shall beleve a fion.

Unc. And we consider for some private reasons, you would have it private, yet take your own pleasure, and so good morrow, my best Nicce, my sweetest.

Wid. No, no, pray lay.

Unc. I know you would be with him, love him, and love him well.

Mer. You'll find him noble, this may beget.

Unc. It must needs work upon her.

Wid. These are fine pobs. I aucth, married, and with childe too, how long has this been, I trow? they seem grave fellowes,

lowes, they shoule not come to flout; married, and bedded,  
the world takes notice too, where lies this May-game? I could  
be vext extremely now, and rail too, but tis to no end,  
though I lefft a little, must I beforbatcht I know not how, who  
waies there?

*Enter Humphrey, a servant.*

*Hum.* Madam,

*Wid.* Make ready my Coach quickly, and wait you onely,  
and hark you see, be secret & speedy, inquire out wher the bales.

*Hum.* I shall do it, Madam,

*Wid.* Married, and got with childe in a dream, tis fine ifaith,  
sure he that did this, would do better waking.

*Enter Valentine, Fran, Lance, and a boy with a torch.*

*Val.* Hold thy torch handsomely, how dost thou *Francke*?

*Peter Bassell,* bear up yondre bovines the wold.

*Fran.* You have fried me soundly, Sack do you call this  
drink?

*Val.* A shrewd dog, *Francke*, will bite abundantly.

*Lan.* Now could I fight, and fight with that

*Val.* Which duchyold man of Memphis

*Lan.* But that thou art mine own naturall master, yet my  
sack fayes thou art no man, thou art a Pagan, and pawnest thy  
land, which is noble cause.

*Val.* No arms, nor arms, good *Lancelot*, dear *Lance*, no  
fighting here, we will have lands boy, livinges and tides, thou  
shalt be a Vibe, Rely, hang fighting, hang, tis out of fashion.

*Lan.* I would fain labour you into your lands again, go too,  
it is behooverful.

*Fran.* Fie *Lance*, fie.

*Lan.* I must beat some bady, and why not my master, before  
a straungorholyard beating begins attiguated in me.

*Val.* Come, thou shalt beat me.

*Lan.* I will not be compeld, and you were two masters, I  
scorn the motion.

*Val.* Wilt thou sleep, and I shal blowe out thy bloues.

*Lan.* I scorn sleep.

*Val.* Wilt thou go eat? I will gaine on you overh

*Lan.* I scorn meat, I come for rompering, I come to wait

upon my charge discreetly; for look you, if you will not take your mortgage again, here do I be Saint George, and so forth.

*Val.* Am here do I St. George, bestrids the Dragon, thus with my Lance.

*Lan.* I sting, I sting with my tail.

*Val.* Do you so, do you so, Sir, I shall tail you presently.

*Fran.* By no means, do not hurt him.

*Val.* Take this Nelson, and now rise, thou maiden Knight of Malligo, lace on thy helmet of enchanted sack, and charge again.

*Lan.* I play no more, you abuse me, will you go?

*Fran.* Ie bid you good morrow Brother, for sleep I cannot, I have a thousand fancies.

*Val.* Now thou art arrived, go bravely to the matter, and do something of worth *Franks*.

*Lan.* You shall hear from us. *Exit Lan and Franke.*

*Val.* This rogue, if he had been sober, sure had beaten me, is the most tetish Knave.

*Enter Uncle and Merchant: May with a torch.*

*Unc.* 'Tis he. *Enter two servingmen with torches and a chair.*

*Mer.* Good morrow.

*Val.* Why sir, good morrow to you too, and you be so lusty.

*Unc.* You have made your brother a fine man, we met him.

*Val.* I made him a fine Gentleman, he was a foole before, brought up amongst the midst of small Beer Brow-houscs, what would you have with me?

*Mer.* I come to tell you, your latest hour is come.

*Val.* Are you my sentence?

*Mer.* The sentence of your state.

*Val.* Let it be hang'd then, and let it be hang'd high enough, I may not see it.

*Unc.* A gracious resolution.

*Val.* What would you have else with me, will you go drink, and let the world slide Uncle? Ha, ha, ha, boyes, drink sack like whey boyes.

*Mer.* Have you no feeling, sir?

*Val.* Come hither Merchant: make me a supper, thou most reverent

reverent Land-catcher, a supper of fortie pounds.

*Mer.* What then, Sir?

*Val.* Then bring thy wife along, and thy faire sisters, thy neighbours and their Wives, and all their trinkets, And we have fortie trumpets, and such wine, we'll laugh all the miseries of morgage, and then in state I'll render thee an answer.

*Mer.* What say you to this?

*Unc.* I dare not say, nor think neither.

*Mer.* Will you redeem your state, speak to the point, Sir?

*Val.* Not, not if it were mine heir in the Turk's galley.

*Mer.* Then I must take an order,

*Val.* Take a thousand, I will not keep it, nor thou shal not have it, because thou camst ith' tick, thou shal not have it, go take possession, and be sure you hold it, hold fast with both hands, for there be those hounds uncoupled, Will sing you such knell, go down in glorie, and march upon my land, and crye, All's mine; cry as the Devil did, and be the Devil mark what what an echo follows, build fine March panes, to entertain Sir Silk-worm and his Lady, and pull the Chappell down, and raise a Chamber for Mistresse Silver-pin, to lay her belly in, mark what an Earthquake comes, then foolish Merchant my Tenants are no Subjects, they obey nothing, and they are people too, never Chistened, they know no Law, nor conscience, they'll devour thee: and thou mortall, the stroppe, they'll confound thee within three dayes, no big nor memorie of what thou wert, no not the wart upon thy nose there, shall be stredhead of more, go take possession, and bring thy children down, to rust like Rabbits, they love young roasts and butter, Bow-bell Suckers; as they love mischief, and hate Law, they are Canibals: bring down thy knared too, that be not fruitfull, there be those Mandrakes that will mollifie you, go take possession, I'll go to my Chamber, afore boy go.

*Exeunt.*

*Mer.* Hee's mad sure.

*Unc.* Hee's half drunk sure, and yet I like this unwillingness to lose it, this looking back.

*Mer.* Yes, if he did it handsomly, but he's so harsh & strange.

*Unc.* Believe it 'tis his drink sir, and I am glad his drink has thrifit you.

*Mer.*

藏文大藏经

Mr. Canibals; if ever I come to view his regiment, if faire  
termes may be had.

where the odds you have, they are a bunch of the most boyish Rascals I ever met, let me be mad once, the power of the whole Country cannot cool him, be patient but a while.

Mer. As long as you will sir, before I buy a bargain of such  
Runts, I'll buy a Colledge for Blend, and live among him.

*Fran.* How dost thou now?

Lazy, Better then I was, and straighter, but my heads a Hogf-  
head full, scrows and tumbles.

Then, thou were cruelly paid.

Long may my King require to put a Snaffle or Sack in my mouth and then ride me very well.

“Now, I was all but sperr, he tell thee what I mean now, I  
mean so fee this wench.”

Luc. Where a devil is the and there were two, 'twere better.

**Fran.** Don't you hear the bell ring?  
A Committee for Minnie's safety was formed at once.

**Fran.** Then she comes to prayers, early each morning this

ther: Now if I could but meet her, for I am of another mettle now.

1893 300 E. 10th St. New York, N.Y. 10003-1000

**Letter.** What lights yond? — *Even yon noque new eth too on yon*

FRAN. Fla, tis a light, take her by the hand and court her.  
TOM. Take her by the hand and court her, I will, I will.

"Take her below the girdle, you'll never speed her, it comes on this way still; oh that I had but sixt-and-o' portunary in

—A Saw-pit, how it comes on, comes on this here.  
—Yess' I did die, for dunque I kiss thy hand! —Good morrow.

*1/1a. What voice is that sirra, do you sleep as you go, tis the, I*

*Short. Yes forsooth, I was dreamt, I was going to Church.*

Jan. She sees you as plain as I do.

*Short.* Heres nothing but a stall, and a Butchers Dog.

*Act the second.*

Keep in't, where did you see the voice, did I intright?

*Fran.* Shee looks still angry, and is not affayred.  
*Isab.* To her and her sir, of our hoy grisehill's way.

*Isab.* Here, here.

*Fran.* Yes Lady, never blisse your selfe I am but a man, and like  
an honest man, now I wil thank you from off this.

*Isab.* What do you mean who sent for you, who desired you?

*Short.* Shall I put out the Torch sonsooth, or not, else no other

*Isab.* Can I not go about my private meditations, He, but  
such companions as you must ruffle me, ydithad better go with me  
sir.

*Fran.* Twas my purpose.

*Isab.* Why, what an impudencie is this, you had best, being so  
near the Church, provide a Priest, and perswade me to marry  
you.

*Fran.* It was my meaning, and such a husband, so loving and  
so carefull, my youth, and all, my fortunes shall arrive at  
—Harke you.

*Isab.* Tis strange you shold be thus unmannerly, com home  
again sir, you had best now for to my man to lead your way.

*Isab.* Yes marry smalls, Lady, forward my friend.

*Isab.* This is a pretty B. 198 it may grow to a rape.  
*Fran.* Do you like that better, I can ravish you an hundred  
times, and never hurt you.

*Short.* I see nothing. I am a sleep still, when you have done  
tell me, and then Ile wake.

*Isab.* Are you in earnest Sir, do you long to be hang'd.

*Fran.* Yes by my troth Lady in these fair Tresses.

*Isab.* Shall I call out for help.

*Fran.* No by no means, that were a weak trick Lady,  
He kis, and stop your mouth.

*Isab.* You answer all these.

*Fran.* A thousand kis, more.

*Isab.* I was never abused thus, you had best give out too, that  
you found me willing, and say I doted on you.

*Fran.* That's known alreadye, and no man living shall now  
carry you from me.

Act the second,

*Isab.* This is fine ifaith, and soe will you say.

*Fran.* It shall be ten times faine.

*Isab.* Well, seeing you are so valiant, keep your way, I will to Chuch.

*Fran.* And I will hold upon you.

*Isab.* And it is most likely there's a Priest, if you dare venture as you薄fide, I would wish you look about you, to do these rude tricks, for you know the Pecompences, and trust not to my mercy, and if I am saving you now, as you are, then you will be sorry for it.

*Isab.* For Ile so handle you.

*Fran.* Thats it I look for.

*Isab.* Before thou drinkest any thing in the world,

*Shor.* Here you donest.

*Isab.* Go on sir, & follow if you dare.

*Fran.* If I do not hanold me, I am now in new

*Shor.* Tis all thine own boy, ha' we're a million, godz theray

Sacke, when would sthale Beer have done this.

*Isab.* Knocking with me, to blise.

*Shor.* Who's that that knowes she bounces, what I saye to you, is hell breake loofbards, doyley help an Iron hill.

*Isab.* I am now in new

*Shor.* Tis a Gentlewoman, that must needs speak with you.

*Val.* A Gentlewoman, what Gentlewoman, what have I to do with Gentlewoman.

*Shor.* She will not be answered.

*Val.* Riling up the bed and the buss. He try how gentle she is. — *Exit Servants.* This Sacke has fill'd my head to full of bables, I am almost mad; what Gentlewoman shold this be, I hope she has brought a stonke but her pride along with her to lay to my charge, if the have tis all one, He forswear me.

*Enter Widow.* Ile ravelme now.

*Wid.* O you're a noble Gallant, and your servant pray.

*Val.* She will never avile me, by this sight she looks as sharp set a Sparrow ha' her buss, but would be a woful woman.

*Wid.* O you ha' used me kindly, and like a Gentleman, this is to trust to you.

*Val.*

XUM

Val. Trust to me, for what ? — I think I know

Wid. Because I said in jest once, you were a handsome man, one I could like well, and fooling, made you believe I loved you, and might be brought to marriage. *repeating* *you* *me*

Val. The widow is drinking wine in a quiet room.

With you out of this, which is a fine diversion, give out the  
matter's done, you have wash'd your hands, and that you have  
put fairly put for an heir too, these are fine numbers to advance  
my credit; it's napkin enough; What did you say?

Val. That you loved me, and that you might be thought to  
renounce me; why, when David abjures his widow?

had enjoyed your first wish, you wished the wealth you aimed at, that I was poor, which I am, I am, have told my husband before I love you more than any yet for thine honour's sake, as you must be praying, and for thy credit's sake in the world, I have a little ill I have, resolved to aband old ways and sell all thee widow, I like these son times better, now abroad as I am, for now, thy hopes and care, lie on thy husband, if any chancery of more in the world, I am sure to be a widow, Have now you married, and for this main cause, now as you report it to be your Nurse.

Val. My Nuisance, why when I grow old give me the  
Glass, my Nuisance being with me, 1855 W. 1855

Wid. You never said truer, I must confess I did a little flatter you, and with some labour, might have been persuaded, but when I found I must be hourly troubled, with making broths, and dawbing your daicys with fowling and with stitching up your noses, for the world so reports.

Val. Do not provoke me.

1916. And half a century later, I do not know.

Val. Do not profeane the world's lying world, and thou  
shalt finde it, have a good heart, and take a strong faith to thee,  
and mark what follewest, my Nurse, yes, you shall rock me;  
Widdow Ile keep you wakynge.

Val. Yes marry am I Widdow and ~~you~~ shall feel my stony and  
they touch my freehold, I am a Tiger now as ever.

Wid. I think so.

Kat. Come, come, now say, who say my bird I plucked? I have  
Wid. Whishes?

Val. Any whishes. Singer has, say

The fit's upon me now, the fit's upon me now,

Come quickly gentle Ladie, the fit's upon me now,

The world shall know they are fools, now, when I am  
done with them, and when I am

And so shall they be good, and when I am

Let the Cobles meddle with his tools, and when I am

The fits upon me now, but am never now fit.

Take me quickly, while I am in this vein, away with me, for  
if I have but two hours to consider, all the widows in the world  
cannot recover me. and when I am

Wid. If you will, go with me fitly, and when I am

Wid. Yes, marie, will I fit, and when I am

Enter Merchandise and Uncle as for all doors.

Mer. Well met agen, and what good news and when I am

Unc. Faith nothing, and when I am

Mer. No news of what we sow'd? and when I am

Unc. Nothing, I hear of, and when I am

Mer. No turning in this tide yet? and when I am

Unc. Tis all flood, and till than fall away, there's no expe-cting.

Enter Fran, Isab, Lance, Shropshire, a tress.

Mer. Is not this his younger brother? and when I am

Unc. With a Gentlewoman the widows sister, as I live he

smiles, he has got good hold, and when I am

frankly faith, let's stay and mark.

Isab. Well, you are the prettiest youth, and so you have hand-

led me, think you ha measure. and when I am

Fran. As sure as wedlock, and when I am

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*Isa.* You had best lie with me too.

*Fran.* Yes indeed will I, and get such black ey'd boyes.

*Unc.* God a mercie, *Franky.*

*Isa.* This is a merrie world, poor simple Gentlewoman that think no harm, cannot walk about their busynesses, but they must be catcht up I know not how.

*Fran.* He tell you, and He instruct you too, have I caught you, Mistresse.

*Isa.* Well, and it were not for pure pitie, I would give you the slip yet, but being as it is.

*Fran.* It shall be better.

Enter *Valentino*, *Widow*, and *Ralph* with a torch.

*Isa.* My sister, as I live, your brother with her, sure I think you are the Kings takers.

*Unc.* Now it works.

*Val.* Nay, you shall know I am a man.

*Wid.* I think so.

*Val.* And such proof you shall have.

*Wid.* I pray speak softly.

*Val.* He speak it out Widow, yes and you shall confess too, I am no Nurse-childe, I went for a man, a good one, if you can beat me out oth' pit.

*Wid.* I did but jest with you.

*Val.* He handle you in earnest, and so handle you: Nay, when my credit calls.

*Wid.* Are you mad?

*Val.* I am mad, I am mad, I am mad.

*Fran.* Good-morrow, Sir, I like your preparation.

*Val.* Thou hast been at it, *Franky.*

*Fran.* Yes faith, as done sir.

*Val.* Along with me then, never hang an arse, widow.

*Isa.* Tis to no purpose, sister.

*Val.* Well said Black-brows, advance your torches Gentle-

*Unc.* Yes, yes Sir.

*Val.* And keep your ranks.

*Mer.* Langes, carrie this before him.

*Unc.* Carrie it in state.

*Music, Magician, Fours. Here, Bell,  
Yer. What are you Musicians? I know your coming, and  
what are those behind you.*

¶ 4. O I know them come boy sing the song I taught you,  
And sing it lustily, come forward Gentlemen, your welcome,  
Welcome now we are all friends, go get the Priest ready,  
And let him not be long, we have much business;  
Come Franck, rejoice with me, thou hast got the start boy,  
But ile so tumble after, come my friends lead,  
Lead cheerfully, and let your Fiddles sing boyes,  
My follies and my fancies have an end here,  
Display the morgage Laces, Merchant ile pay yon,  
And every thing shall be in joynt agent.

Vne. Afore, afore.

Val. And now confess, and know,  
Wit without Money, sometimes gives the blow. *Excess.*

FINAL.

Plays written by *Francis Beaumont* and *John Fletcher*,

printed in 1700-1, before I A.D.	
1 Wit without Money.	10 Rollo Duke of Normandy.
2 Night walker: or, the Lame Horse.	11 Rollo a Wild and base Pope.
3 Opportunity.	12 Therry and Thibaut.
4 Ceramius: or, a Scornfull Lady.	13 William Hitler.
5 Scornfull Lady.	14 Merlin Tragedy.
6 Elder Brother.	15 Knight of the Bathing
7 Philaster.	16 Perseus.
8 King and no King.	17 Cupids Revenge.
9 Monksiev Thomas.	18 Nellys Kibbles.

